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NATHAN HASKELL DOLE, EDITOR.

PUBLISHED BY E. B. HALL,

BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

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BOOK CULTURE.

VOLUME I.

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JANUARY, 1899.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE, Editor.

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ON THE HURRY OF THIS TIME.

With slower pen men used to write,
Of old when "letters" were "polite;"
In Anna's or in George's days,
They could afford to turn a phrase
Or trim a straggling theme aright.

They knew not steam; electric light
Not yet had dazed their calmer sight;
They meted out both blame and praise
With slower pen.

Too swiftly now the Hours take flight!
What's read at morn is dead at night:
Scant space have we for Art's delays,
Whose breathless thought so briefly stays.
We may not work—ah! would we might!—
With slower pen.

AUSTIN, DOBSON.

BOSTON, MASS.

EDWIN BUCKNER HALL.

1825

THE PLEASURES OF A COLLECTOR.

I PITY the person who is not a collector! There is no stolen sweet more delicious than to smuggle your new purchase, especially if it was far too expensive, into the house without your wife (who looks askance at your hobby) suspecting it. Perhaps some months afterwards she discovers it and asks: "Where did you get that?" and you reply with a brave showing of innocence, "O, I have had it a long while." But alas! a few days later she may mend your coat and discover the as yet unpaid bill in your pocket. Even the prospect of that day of reckoning makes more delightful the subtile diplomacy that secured it for you.

THE passion of collection may be like the passion for a woman; it may be a love at first sight, or it may be a gradual and almost insensible descent—or ascent—from the plains of indifference. Some persons are born more susceptible than others to such influences. The doughty and all-conquering Myles Standish sends John Alden to woo Priscilla for him. John tries to be faithful to his chief but he cannot resist the fascination of the Puritan maiden and the Captain is "cut out," as he richly deserved to be.

In exactly the same way Gardilanne entrusts to his friend Dalègre the pleasant task of picking up such stray pieces of faïence as may come across his notice in the province and within a short time Dalègre is so deeply infected with the "craze" that he completely forgets his allegiance and begins to collect on his own account. Champfleurant says "the craze for collecting makes men selfish." That is not necessarily true: though of course the nearer it comes to a mania or insanity, the more likely it is to be selfish, since insanity is only acute conceit.

WE have known generous collectors,—happy men who, having through their specialized knowledge or by self-sacrifice or by the facility of large means, gathered together from all parts of the world rare specimens of books or minerals, or musical instruments, or Japanese curios or whatnot, have desired others to share in their pleasures and have put their collections temporarily or permanently in libraries or museums. It is a wonder and a pity that men do not more frequently share with the public their possessions. They would have the consciousness of doing an educational service to the community. It would or should multiply their own complacency by as many times as others inspected it.

For after all the pleasure of merely collecting is not one of the highest order; it may be absorbing but if it is a passion in itself, with no ulterior object, it is akin to the always despised and degenerate acquisitiveness of the miser. The miser accumulates money for the idle satisfaction of being able to say to himself how much he is worth or to finger his gold.

I know a book-miser. He is alert to pick up bargains and, as he has large means, he is all the time adding to his overflowing shelves. Even his closets are packed with first editions and rarities. But he is rigidly jealous of other people and he rarely allows his treasures to be seen by other eyes than his own. He has no confidence in his fellow-men and when he condescends to let even his friends see his books he watches them as a dog watches a cat. I know a violin-miser. I should think this man, who cannot himself play, would be haunted at night by the spirits of those mute *Amatis* and *Strdivarii*, who would, as it were, hold out their imploring bows to him, so that after such a vision he would repent of his selfish policy and send out the violins to sing a message of good cheer to all the world. . . . There are violin-

collectors who entrust their favorite instruments to talented young artists and thus are public as well as private benefactors. Why should not book collectors do the same even though occasionally a costly volume should fail to be returned.



ARTISTIC LIBRARIES.

WITH the growth in this country of wealth and culture there is coming to be a very large number of men who demand for their libraries costly editions of the best authors. There are some Philistines left who would order books simply to fill so many shelves as they order so many yards of carpeting for their sleeping-rooms. Such unintelligent buying is ludicrous. It is seen also in picture buying. An American millionaire went to an artist in Rome and wanted a certain picture. He inquired the price. "Why!" he exclaimed, "it has only two cows and three sheep in it. I only paid half as much for one that had three cows and five sheep."

To buy books simply because the colors of the covers match certain portières and because they must be just so tall, is not really forming a library. The books thus acquired can hardly be said to constitute a library.

The man who delegates to another the formation of his library is also to be pitied. He loses half of the pleasure of his purchase. But I am perfectly willing to accept the delicate responsibility of spending for Dives the little fortune which he is willing to invest in a library for his new house. I am not so narrow-minded as to object to the millionaire requirement of paper and binding. Shakespeare in a royal dress of the finest hand-made paper and tooled calf is no less Shakespeare than in the ordinary trade

garb. I am as willing to be master of ceremonies and introduce guests in Court uniform as I am to present them in every-day clothes. I shall get my pleasure in selecting, arranging, catalogueing these costly old friends and in bringing forth as a result a Library that should be rich, harmonious, well-proportioned and illustrative of all the realms of Literature. At the same time it should not give the visitor the impression of belonging to a parvenu. To attain such a consummation would not be easy: it would require much planning, much religious care.

AFTER I had done my part and turned it over to Dives, I should pity him, for though it was his money which I spent and though the results are now his, I have had the joy of installing them and he has not. I have made them mine, in a certain sense, at his loss. The ideal way for Dives to do is to take into his confidence a well-educated man of broad, liberal culture, a man to whom he may freely confess his lack of literary training and then make use of this expert as an assistant in forming his library. Almost any man, unless he is hide-bound in his own conceit, can benefit from the advice or suggestions of another. Willing as I am to be such an adviser to Dives, either for the honor of the thing or for the modest honorarium, coming afterwards as a surprise and not as a stipulation agreed on beforehand, willing as I am to undertake this post of adviser, I am just as willing to have advice from anyone else in regard to my own modest collection.

My books are a hap-hazard lot, for I have never had much money to spend on them and they have come to me in the form of gifts or been sent to me to review for papers and magazines. I have several times started to weed them out but I have invariably found that if I disposed of any, no matter how unimportant

it might be, or how infrequently I might have turned to it in the past, I should be sure to require it at a moment's notice. So now I keep all the books the Gods send, though I have no room for them and they stand two rows deep on my shelves. The most valuable book I had—it was a gift to me—I rashly bestowed on a friend who was about to be married. I have never ceased to regret it and I have many times schemed how I might, without loss of dignity, recover it, especially since the gracious lady to whom I presented it is no more.

WHEN I go into the well-ordered libraries of more systematic or wealthier acquaintances, I generally have a sense of compunction as I remember my higgledy-piggledy, harum-scarum, hap-hazard collections and I register a mental vow that I will reform. Then the next holiday I make a desperate attempt to arrange my books topically, putting poetry in one place, history in another and fiction in another. Every such attempt has resulted in a bibliotequeneal Waterloo. The poets do not match one another in height or depth. I find myself so weak in history that I incline to think that unconsciously my library is an unconscious imitation of myself and that it is of as little use to systematize it as to systematize me.



BOOKS THAT HAVE INFLUENCED MEN.

ACERTAIN weekly is publishing a series of articles by various distinguished men who tell about their own libraries and what they find most interesting about them. "Books which have most influenced me" is a rather taking title. But how can men tell what books have most influenced them? It is not always the apparent, the conscious influence that is most important. Probably

no book is so universally ready or so thoroughly mastered as the Bible and yet among all the persons who have written in the last two hundred years there are not more than one or two whose style is in any way imitation of the style of the Scriptures. A chance paragraph in a newspaper is as likely to breed resolution as a series of literary readings. One of Marden's anecdotes in this respect is as fertile as Carlyle's French Revolution or Sartus Resartus with its nightmare style.

With this humility of view, this acquiescence in the potentiality of infinitesimals let us hope that the casual reader, who with a moment to spare, glances over these diminutive pages, may find some useful hint. To every such reader, as well as to any who with greater deliberation may put them to the test, BOOK CULTURE begs leave most sincerely and respectfully to offer the felicitations of the season and hopes for a happy new year.



A PRINCE OF COLLECTORS.

JEAN GROLIER, Vicomte d'Aguisy, was born in Lyons in 1479. His family was of Italian origin. The first of them, Étienne, came sometime before or after 1200, from Verona, where his house played a distinguished part, and was connected by marriage with the Grimaldi, Princes of Monaco. Étienne, after assisting de Montfort to put down the Albigensians, settled near Lyons, and his descendants exercised for a long time the principal functions in the city, being presidents of the consullate, or municipal body. Some of the family were cardinals, bishops, statesmen, generals, marshals and the like. Finally the office of *Élu* became hereditary with the Groliers. The *Élu* of Lyons was the mediator between the people and the king and arranged

what part of the taxation of the province was to be borne by the city.

Another Étienne, the father of Jean, became gentleman-in-waiting to Louis, Duke of Orléans, was the prince's special favorite, and, when the Duke succeeded to the throne as Louis XI. in 1498, he was appointed treasurer of the King and sent to Milan. Jean succeeded his father as *Élu* in 1510 and was also appointed treasurer for the Seine. On the 11th of October, 1516, he married Anne, daughter of the Chevalier de Briconnet, Controller-General of the Finances of Bretagne. He had one son, who died without issue, and four daughters. He also had a natural son during his first stay in Italy. When he went to Rome as ambassador in 1534, Pope Clement VII. became so much attached to him that he offered to secure the future fortune of this son, who was named Caesar and received a fine education from his father. He was secretary for Latin briefs to three pontiffs in succession. From a sense of decorum he disguised his father's name under that of *Glorierius*, by which he is known. Julius III. married him to a rich heiress of the house of Girone of Florence. Caesar Grolier is the author of a Latin poem on the sack of Rome by Constable Bourbon, in 1527, which is preceded by a dedication to his father. It is entitled: *Historia expugnatae et direptae urbis Romae per exercitum Caroli V. Imp., die VI. maii MDXXVII., Clemente VII. pontifice, Caesare Glorierio Luydunensi autore.* It was published by Sebastian Cramoisy, in 1637. Grolier left no posterity; the present Marquis de Grolier of Touraine, also a bibliophile, is descended from Grolier's uncle Antoine.

In 1518, owing to his absence from Lyons, he appointed this uncle, Antoine, deputy *Élu* in his place. He left Italy in 1530, when the relations between France and the Holy Sea had become intensely



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THE CHRYSALIS OF A BOOKWORM.

I read, O friend, no pages of old lore,
Which I loved well — and yet the flying days
That softly passed as wind through green spring ways
And left a perfume, swift fly as of yore ;
Though in clear Plato's stream I look no more,
Neither with Moschus sing Sicilian lays,
Nor with bold Dante wonder in amaze,
Nor see our Will the Golden Age restore.
I read a book to which old books are new,
And new books old. A living book is mine —
In age, three years : in it I read no lies,
In it to myriad truths I find the clue —
A tender little child ; but I divine
Thoughts high as Dante's in her clear blue eyes.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

BOSTON, MASS.

EDWIN BUCKNER HALL, 18 BOYLSTON STREET.

THE JOY OF LITERATURE.

MR. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER recently in an address before the College Club of Boston, said, or is quoted as saying, "It seems a great pity that in the world toiling along as it is, that with so many supreme thoughts put into immortal phrase, with a rich emotion, the result of six thousand years of rich experience, that with all this in our possession, in the press of business we think that we can get along without literature, and thus lose that which is the highest enjoyment of life."

Fortunately there is a growing class which has no such notion as that it can get along without literature. The man who has made a fortune in stocks or in trade makes haste to create a library, and though he may at first find it hard to concentrate his mind on reading and may never do it with any ease, still he has established the precedent of buying everything good that comes out or may collect books by proxy and thus encourage Literature as much as if he were intellectual. Then when he dies his children inherit his books and enjoy them; or else he leaves them to the library of his native town in Vermont or Maine.



ACKNOWLEDGEMENT AND PROMISE.

BOOK CULTURE has received kindly greeting and is correspondingly grateful. Encouraging words are like sunshine to a growing plant. When first the tender green shoot appears above the soil, only the skilled botanist or the clever observer can tell what it will prove to be; as yet it gives no promise of bud or flower or fruit. But under the proper alternation of rain or warmth the tiny shoot waxes and becomes a plant or tree of generous proportions and delights or refreshes the world.

BOOK CULTURE started off without any statement of principles or program. It wanted to appear at the very first as if it had always existed. It did not want to be taken for a tender green sprout. But the tell-tale numbers "Vol. I; No. 1," betrayed its youth and the deception did not work.

Nevertheless some hint of its purpose must have betrayed itself in its first pages. It desires to be useful as well as entertaining. The appreciation of good literature presented in the most satisfactory forms possible is certainly vastly increasing in this country of ours. In all of our cities, with the spread of wealth and culture there is coming to be a legitimate rivalry of book-collecting and of library-building. It is not uncommon to find in towns far distant from our so-called "centers of Culture" special libraries which it would be impossible to duplicate. In a little village on the shore of one of the Great Lakes is treasured the costliest book in the world and down in Texas is one of the largest private libraries in the country.

BOOK CULTURE, though small in size has a great ambition. It would fain be the trusted adviser to the owners of libraries. It means to offer each month something more than cheerful platitudes. It designs to have a series of biographical articles on the famous collectors of the past. Grolier is to many even intelligent readers only a name, supposed to have been borne by a French book-binder. Who has an definite idea about the splendid library of the Earl of Ashburnham and how it came to be collected and to be dispersed? How about the founder of the Bodleian Library? Are there not interesting facts about the great binders that would interest you, dear sir? Can we not promise careful descriptions of some of the private libraries owned in this country? These are only hints at what we hope may be forthcoming.

BOOK CULTURE also means to keep posted in regard to recent or prospective auction sales of libraries and the prices paid for rare books. Facts and figures really worth remembering may find a lodgment in its pages. Everything relating to the æsthetic side of the book is in keeping with its tenor. Consequently all its readers are warmly urged to communicate with its Editor, who will gladly listen to suggestions and will still more gladly print such offerings as may seem suitable for its needs. Brief letters, spicy descriptions of bibliographical treasures, items of general interest will be most welcomed. In this way the little monthly, unpretentious though it is and aims to be, will do its humble work in helping to diffuse the light of Culture in a world that needs all the light it can get.



LIONS IN THEIR DENS.

THE "Literary Lion" unlike the "King of beasts" shows to the best advantage in his den.

Favored are those who are vouchsafed a glimpse of him caged in his study or his library.

Summon him forth from his most characteristic background and set him up in any other spot, it matters not how picturesque or how luxurious, he is not quite the same; something is missing. He is no longer in perfect correspondence with his environment. He is not his simple, spontaneous self.

He may be affable, agreeable, gay and eloquent, when out on dress parade, but he is surely more interesting backed by his manuscripts and old editions, his favorite poets, and philosophic friends, surrounded by piles of proof-sheets, ink-bottles, stub-pens and paper-knives.

Few are the favored ones who thus may see the "Lions" ensconced in their own dens. So few that we must gratefully accept the pictures which they

draw for us of their own "private views," and thankfully avail ourselves of momentary peeps between the cage's bars.

A LITTLE glimpse of Douglas Jerrold's den at "West Lodge," London, in 1845, may prove of interest.

"The study is a very snug room. All about it are books. Crowning the shelves are Milton and Shakespeare. A bit of Shakespeare's mulberry tree lies on the mantelpiece. Above the sofa are the "Rent Day" and "Distraint for Rent," Wilkie's two pictures. Under the two prints laughs Sir Joshua's Sly "Puck," perched upon a pulpy mushroom. . . . The furniture is simple, solid oak. The desk has not a speck upon it. The marble shell upon which the inkstand rests has no litter in it. Various notes lie in a row between clips, on the table. The paper-basket stands near the arm-chair, prepared for answered letters and rejected contributions. The little dog follows his master into his study and lies at his feet. . . . Jerrold remains as a bright and most pleasant picture in our memory. He had an almost reverential fondness for books—books themselves—and said he could not bear to treat them or to see them treated with disrespect. He told us it gave him pain to see them turned on their faces, stretched open, or dog's-eared, or carelessly flung down, or in any way misused. He told us this, holding a volume in his hand with a caressing gesture, as though he tended it appreciately and gratefully for the pleasure it had given him."

It was there at "West Lodge" that Mrs. Caudle was created.

IN contrast to this orderly, well-regulated den we turn to a brief view of the abode of Dr. Johnson in "Inner Temple Lane"—1764.

“Dr. Johnson’s library was contained in two garrets over his chamber, where Lintot, son of the celebrated bookseller of that name, had formerly his warehouse. I (Boswell) found a number of good books, but very dusty and in great confusion. The floor was strewed with manuscript leaves in Johnson’s own handwriting, which I beheld with a degree of veneration, supposing they might perhaps contain portions of the “Rambler” or of “Rasselas.” I observed an apparatus for chemical experiments, of which Johnson was all his life very fond. The place seemed to be very favorable for retirement and meditation.”

The venerable doctor with his burly, boisterous ways might well have figured as a veritable lion, who might at times be caged but never tamed.

Croker presents the following picture of the great man at his breakfast:—

“The furniture of this room was a very large deal writing-desk, an old walnut-tree table, and five ragged chairs of four different sets. I was very much struck with Mr. Johnson’s appearance, and could hardly help thinking him a madman for some time as he sat waving over his breakfast like a lunatic. He is a very large man, and was dressed in a dirty brown coat and waistcoat, with breeches that were brown also (although they had been crimson), and an old black wig; his shirt collar and sleeves were unbuttoned, his stockings were down about his feet, which had on them, by way of slippers, an old pair of shoes. He had not been up long when we called on him, which was near one o’clock. He seldom goes to bed before two in the morning; and Mr. Reynolds (Sir Joshua) tells me he generally drinks tea an hour after he has supped. We had been some time with him before he began to talk, but at length he began, and, faith, to some purpose. Everything he says is as correct as a *Second Edition*; ’t is

almost impossible to argue with him, he is so sententious and so knowing."

SURELY the *Lion's Den* is very characteristic of the animal himself; the neat, the systematic, the neatly regulated cage arranged with elegant precision bespeaks the gentle, orderly, immaculate and careful occupant, while on the other hand, dust and confusion, anarchy of inanimate objects, disregard of all petty niceties, carelessness of all personal details, tell of a slack and slipshod dweller, a rough, uncouth, untutored and unkempt inhabitant.

The cages differ widely as do their inmates, but let us not forget that after all, the occupants are no mean animals whatever may be their faults or foibles, each one is still a *Lion*, the King of beasts.

C. T.



A PRINCE OF COLLECTORS.

(Continued.)

GROLIER in 1545 was appointed Treasurer of France and in this capacity he was charged, in concert with two other high functionaries, with the construction of the new college on the site of the Hôtel de Nesle, as well as "of a beautiful and sumptuous church, with other edifices the portraits and designs of which" says the royal patent, "have been made and planned."

In 1547 he was made Treasurer-General of the Finances, an office he held for the rest of his life; the duties of it were very heavy and difficult to discharge satisfactorily to everyone, and, both under Francis and his successors, Grolier needed all his credit and experience to save him from dangerous complications.

Although he was compelled to be absent from his native city, he never lost his civic patriotism. In 1553,

he was charged with the defense of the interests of Lyons. Several of his letters to the consulate are extant, and it would be impossible for anyone to express himself in simpler or nobler language. He does his best to lighten the subsidies imposed on the Lyonese by Henry II.; but, he says, his efforts are rendered unavailing by their own indiscretion: "There are financial agents and officers of justice in Lyons who never stop trying to get at the bottom of your affairs, and then they reveal them to the privy council. I beseech you, do your best, for the public advantage, to keep your affairs secret." He is always reiterating this warning: "I wish the consulate could adopt the methods of the government of St. Mark in Venice to keep their affairs secret." On the accession of Charles IX., the Lyonese requested Grolier to take the oath of allegiance in their behalf. "To satisfy the demand in your letters," he wrote, "I was presented to the King by Monseigneur, the Marshal de Saint-André, and, falling on my knees before the said King, I pledged faith and did homage in these words: 'Sire, the Échevins of your good city of Lyons have had, from all antiquity, from the Kings of France, your predecessors, the guardianship of the Keys of the said city, and by reason of this guardianship, have pledged faith and done homage. And, because of your recent succession to the crown, the said Échevins do to you, sire, such homage, promising to you fidelity as being their sovereign lord and prince, and to preserve the city in all due obedience under your Majesty.' The said king answered me. 'Good people, I have known that in the past you have been faithful and obedient to my predecessors. By continuing so, you will find me your *good prince.*'"

Henry II., who was interested in everything artistic, determined in 1559, on a new coinage. Grolier with his varied knowledge as well as his functions as

treasurer was naturally pointed out as the person who could best assist him. Moreover he was a learned numismatist and the possessor of, perhaps, the best cabinet of medals in Europe at the time. He was selected to preside over the commission.

Three years before his death, Grolier was appointed by Charles IX., or rather by Catherine de' Medicis, to dispose of the two royal palaces, the Tournelles and the Angoulême, both in the Rue Saint-Antoine, and to build on their sites a number of handsome dwellings to accommodate the multitude of strangers who were flocking into Paris.

In 1562, Grolier had an unpleasant reminder that he was one of the wealthiest and most considered citizens of Paris. Catherine de' Medicis, deeming it necessary to borrow for six months the sum of 500-000 livres tournois, could think of no better plan than gently to hint to the richest lords, prelates, religious corporations, financiers, lawyers and burghers, that she needed the money badly. Among the financiers figures the name of "Jehan Grolier," Seigneur d'Aguisy, Treasurer of France. In this forced loan, he is assessed in the sum of a hundred and twenty livres tournois, which he paid in *testons*.

In a very interesting series of letters, written by Grolier to Marshal de Montmorency, who was Grand Master of France from 1558 to 1571, we get a pretty vivid idea of the life of that day. Montmorency appears to have exercised a certain amount of control over the Treasurer's office, and Grolier made what were clearly successful efforts to gain his good graces. During the Marshal's absence from Paris, he took charge of the important improvements carried on at Chantilly. In the letters there are some very curious details which give us a glimpse of the arrangement of a great lord's household in the 17th century. In 1561, Grolier very nearly lost his property and probably had a narrow escape with his life. He had numerous

enemies, and, for some four or five years before, they had been seeking to ruin him by accusations of defalcation. On the 15th of December, the King's Attorney-General demanded that he should restore 79,815 livres tournois and he was ordered to appear before the court of parliament. Grolier must have expected the catastrophe, for, in a letter to Montmorency, dated 8th of September, 1558, he says: "On my arrival in Paris, I found the Attorney-General had the royal permission to take possession of my body and imprison me." Through the influence of the famous statesman and writer, Christopher de Thou, president of one of the sections of the court, the prosecution was dropped and Grolier was maintained in his functions until he resigned in the following year.

He was afterwards frequently summoned to take part in the deliberation of the King's council. Considering the great esteem in which he was held by the Cardinal of Lorraine, Marshal de Saint-André and the most important personages of the court of Henry II., it is not surprising that he should have enjoyed the same consideration under Francis II., and Charles IX. He died, on October 22, 1565, in the Hôtel de Lyon, Paris, a splendid mansion built by himself. He was buried in the church of Saint-Germain des Près, in which a monument was erected to his memory.

In another article, I shall tell something about Grolier's books and his connection with Benvenuto Cellini and the Aldi.

J. C. B.



OF "BOOK AGENTS" PAST AND PRESENT.

THE modern "book agent" — to use the despised term — is quiet and unobtrusive, often refined and educated, and although his object in life is not philanthropic, it is at least honest; he tries to earn a living for himself and those dependent on him. One may admire him for that at least.

It is curious how this once eminently respectable trade of book-broker came into disrepute. In the earlier days of "the art preservative of all arts" the printer-publisher either sent out ambulatory agents to introduce his wares or went himself. Frequently the author canvassed for subscriptions for his forthcoming work—and the man of books was made welcome. But so is even to-day a modern book agent of the first class, who brings the advance-sheets of something intrinsically good and valuable; something which cannot be found in the bookshop and of which the nature is such that we should doubtless have remained forever in unhappy ignorance of it if it had not been for the canvasser.

The true cause of the "bad name" seems to be that in the age of the lightening-rod man the "poor dog" had not books but only things in the shapes of them, to dispose of which it was necessary to adopt the tactics of the sharper. Then again vanity and ignorance in those days led men to spend their dollars for a Biography and a Portrait; having become wise and ashamed and angered, they vented their resentment on the next comer, and reviled him who did them no wrong—and so on. Happily we are no longer purchasers of fame in county histories, and those of us who have risen above the paper-covered novel and the cheap and nasty magazine are glad that good books may now be had in good form and that fine prints with some individuality are possible, even if a middleman is necessary.

And after all he *is* necessary; the makers of these good things do not affect flaunting sign-boards, nor do they shove their wares brazenly to the front of shop-windows, nor overload our magazines with advertisements—such weaknesses appear to be unprofessional with them, and one must seek them, as one seeks the artist and author. To the busy man book- and print-hunting are forbidden luxuries, for

in time it is the most extravagant of pleasures, and time to-day, alas! is money.

So the thinking man and the reasonable one, accepts the book-man as, at the worst, a necessary evil, and perhaps the broader-minded and those of larger leisure look upon him as did the lord of the manor in earlier days — as an interesting gossip and one to be welcomed. Certainly the species must have improved, for the busiest and most important man in New York to-day is said to leave to one of them the selection and purchase of modern fine books for his library.

R. B.



THE PROBASCO SALE.

THE Newbury Library of Chicago contains some of the best books that belonged to Mr. Henry Probasco of Cincinnati. In January Mr. Probasco sold not far from two thousand more of his treasures. Among them were:

“Purchas’ Pilgrimes” of 1625-6, which brought \$375. Since 1870 nine copies of this work have been sold in this country, the highest price \$475 having been paid for Kennedy’s ten years ago. The Lenox Library has four copies.

Hamilton’s “Mémoires” on vellum, dated London, 1793, bound by Staggemeier, brought \$230; it is stated that fifty pounds was demanded for this very copy in 1796.

Among the other valuable works sold the following are reported:

Montfaucon’s “L’Antiquité” 1719, five volumes in ten with the supplement in five, and “Les Monuments de la Monarchie Française” 1729-33, for \$165; Gould’s “Trochilidae, a Family of Humming Birds,” 1861, for \$225; Shaw’s “Dresses and Decorations of the Middle Ages,” 1843, for \$50; “L’Imitation de Jésus Christ,” 1855, bound by Capé, \$117; Rob-

berts's "Holy Land," 1642-9, for \$132; the Halliwell "Shakespeare," 1853-65, for \$176; "Boydell's Collections of Prints Illustrating the Dramatic Works of Shakespeare," 1803, for \$60; Corneille's "Oeuvres," 1854, for \$69; Walpole's "Anecdote of Painting," 1828, for \$51.25; Crowe and Cavalcaselle's "History of Painting in Italy," 1864-72, for \$91.50; Walton's "Polyglot Bible," London, 1657, with the Lexicon 1669, eight volumes, for \$98; and Tonson's "Cæsar," 1712, for \$50.



SUMPTUOUS BOOKS.

MR. CHARLES E. HURD, the genial literary editor of the Boston *Evening Transcript* argues in favor of beautiful books as important accessories of a well-furnished house. He recently wrote this discriminating plea for the *Édition de Luxe*:

"The general reader who has not had his attention specially called to the subject would be surprised to know of the growing demand among cultured readers for *de luxe* editions of standard works in literature. There are cheap books for cheap readers, ordinary editions for workers and for every-day use, and library editions, which hold a little higher position on the library shelf. But, besides these, there are the sumptuous and elegantly illustrated volumes which appeal to the artistic and æsthetic sense, and which really go to the furnishing of a house as much as fine furniture or beautiful paintings. Indeed, nothing gives character to a home in so high a degree as books. An elegant series of volumes, richly bound on heavy paper, with the attendant etchings and engravings, is a continual feast for the eye as well as the soul, and in the satisfaction it gives its possessor pays for itself a hundred times over. As most *de luxe* editions are limited, and as the

number of book collectors is steadily growing, it will readily be seen that the value of such editions is constantly increasing, so that the money put into them is in most cases as secure an investment as can be made. It is a gratifying sign of the times that the taste in this direction is on the increase."



A BOOKLESS HOUSE.

A WISE writer gives the following sensible advice to young house-keepers and others. These golden words are well worth storing away in the memory, still better worth acting upon :

"A house without books is a cheerless place, and speaks unfavorably of its inmates. Men are not accustomed to buy books unless they want them. If, on visiting the dwelling of a man of slender means, we find that he contents himself with cheap carpets and very plain furniture, in order that he may purchase books, he rises at once in our esteem. Books are not made for furniture, but there is nothing that so beautifully furnishes a house. The plainest row of books that cloth or paper ever covered is more significant of refinement than the most elaborately carved étagère or sideboard. Give us a house furnished with books rather than costly furniture. Both if you can, but books at any rate."

But it is necessary also to make a sensible choice of books. There are some books not worth giving house-room — not merely because they are immoral or wasteful of time, but because they are badly printed and destructive of eyesight. It is better to buy one good masterpiece of literature, printed in clear type and well bound, than to lay out the same amount of money in purchasing a dozen so-called cheap editions which have nothing to recommend them but their cheapness. Books are good, but get good books !

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NATHAN HASKELL DOLE, Editor.

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A HEADSTONE.

(From the French of Charles van Lerberghe.)

Under rose and lily, so
With wild ivy intergrown,
Lies a child of long ago,
Made of light and love alone.

Once at eve an angel nigh
Sealed her brow with joy, in sooth ;
Then the eternal lullaby
Put to sleep her timeless youth.

Pass, O passers-by ! nor grieve :
Frail is life, and to the dead
Tears are saddening. Therefore leave
In its dream the darling head.

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THE PERSONALITY OF LIBRARIES.

A LIBRARY, like a person — we might say, like a city — being made up of manifold atoms drawn from a multitude of sources, must necessarily have its own distinct individuality. Should two men buy precisely the same books, there would soon arise a difference between the libraries: the spirit of the owners would gradually differentiate them. The very way in which the books stand on the shelves, the order or disorder which reigns in the room, the atmosphere, all unite to give a personality to each.

A man has therefore almost as great a responsibility in forming and keeping a library as in begetting and educating children. The child of which he is the father inherits from him certain qualities and characteristics and also perhaps in a stronger degree the faults and virtues of ancestors to the third and fourth generation. How many converging influences focus in a boy? The tendency which we see gradually or suddenly developing may have leapt over a hundred generations, may have its tap-root in an antediluvian protoplasm. To anyone who studies a library aright it is made up not alone of the works of a few authors but also of their very souls. Milton himself emanates from *Paradise Lost* and a ghostly aura of Shakespeare hovers over our favorite edition of the plays. This is no extravagance but sober truth. The air of the Mosque of Omar is impregnated with the musk that was mixed with the plaster a thousand years ago.

THIS personal quality in a book lends it dignity and explains why many consider it a crime to abuse one. Owing to the multiplication of cheap books, there has been undoubtedly a diminution of reverence for the outward and visible manifestation of litera-

ture. This has gone on apace together with the general falling off in that desirable if somewhat old-fashioned virtue. A cheap reprint of an author, no matter how great may be his fame, is from this point of view a misfortune. The wretched paper, the faulty typography, the slimy binding, the slatternly appearance tend to degradation. What reverence can one feel for a counterfeit? A prophet in tatters loses half his effect, and if he comes in an ill-fitting suit of ready-made clothes, even a good message is wasted. John the Baptist in his lambskin and feeding on poor victuals is not so interesting a figure as Elijah, whose mantle was treasured as a legacy. I like a library where instinctively the voice is hushed, where solemn rows of ancient tomes in the noble dress of a by-gone day stand around on all sides, filling the mind with a dim sense of awe, as if the authors themselves, in ruffles and laces and perruques, with the magistracy of age, experience, and high service, confronted one. I have no doubt that once or twice a year, at midnight, the ghosts contained in these princely first editions are released and step down and out for serious conference. But comparatively few can collect such books. They are ancestral and ought to remain in the family home. Not often do they endure the misfortune of coming under the hammer: such a fate detracts from their dignity.

AN auction-room reminds me of a slave-mart. What tragedies it has witnessed! What separations of old friends, loves and families! Out of sheer sympathy I am inclined to bid unreasonably high for the single volume that has been lost out of a set and is put up, lonely and humiliated, to be sacrificed simply because it is by itself. I don't wonder that philobiblists make a practice of going to auctions and haunting book-stalls, for the

generous and laudable purpose of reuniting families of books. Such charity deserves to win heaven for a reward.



ESPECIAL attention is called to the article on the ideal library by Mr. Louis K. Newman of Springfield. Mr. Newman in his profession of architecture has had occasion to build not less than one hundred and fifty houses in Springfield, many of them of great beauty and richness and he himself has a remarkable collection of books mostly in choice editions, so that both from the standpoint of the architect and from that of the bibliophile he is eminently fitted to speak on this topic as one having authority. In these days when men of large wealth are building what might be called palaces, the library is more and more taking its place as the most important room in the house and therefore Mr. Newman's suggestions regarding the comfort, convenience and propriety of a library are well worthy of consideration.



THE DEATH OF BOOKS.

MR. PICKERING, the English Publisher, recently paid \$10,500 for Caxton's translation of "A Boke of the Hoole Life of Jasen" from the French of Raoul Le Fevre published about 1477. Thus the last surviving leaves on the trees of literature acquire a value utterly disproportionate to their intrinsic worth. Had Mr. Caxton brought his translation to a modern publisher he would have gone away again with the manuscript under his arm. But Caxton had the whole matter in his hands in those

days and printed what he translated with little regard to its immortality. Fire and book-worms, the decay of time, the carelessness of ignorance gradually reduced the edition to its one surviving specimen. There are many such books in existence and every little while we hear the death of the last. The wily old oriental Sybil who took the nine volumes of prophecies to King Tarquin, perfectly understood the book-collector's weakness. She burnt three and asked as much for six as for nine, and then she burnt three more and still kept to the original price. And if she had been wise she would have reduced them to one and doubled it.

The destruction of ancient rolls and volumes by Goths and Vandals, by Persians and Musulmans has left a deep tinge of sadness in the learned world. There is no compensating for such losses. Probably on the walls of the Alexandrine library was painted or engraved the fallacious motto: "Words are the only things that live forever." How many precious sentiments, how many noble poems, how many marvellous dramas have vanished forever. How solicitously the world has hoped for the recovery of the lost books of Livy. But only rarely does some fragment of these ancient writings suddenly come to light like a show of prehistoric pottery, or the tooth of an *ichthyosaurus Maccobbidoliensis gigas* to hint at what was lost.

No, it is the destiny of books, as of dynasties and families of men to perish; and therefore, it is one of the duties of wealthy men to purchase the single specimens and instead of keeping them where there is danger of their being ruined by fire or water, to present them to libraries where they may be preserved as long as possible.

The recent fire in Chicago, when the publishing house of M. C. McClurg and Company was de-

stroyed is a case in point. The department over which Mr. G. M. Millard presided, christened by the original Eugene Field "The Saints' and Sinners' Corner," was the haunt of all book-lovers, bibliophiles and bibliotaphs and bibliocranks who chanced to be in Chicago. The nominal value of the treasures destroyed on the 12th of February was fifty thousand dollars, but many can never be replaced and therefore the sentimental loss is vastly more. Here is a hint of the vanished lore :

A square 12mo. volume in calf, which belonged to Charles II., and stamped in gold with the royal arms on both covers ; some volumes that belonged to Queen Elizabeth and Louis XIV. ; a 16mo. volume, which belonged to Mme. de Pompadour, and was stamped with her arms ; two volumes with Charles Dickens's book-plate, crest and name ; a folio called "Titles of Honor," by John Selden, presented by Samuel Pepys to Caleb Banks, with inscription and signature by Pepys on the title page ; a copy of Charles Lamb's works, including an octave volume, the former owner of which was Charles Westwood, of whom Lamb wrote that he had "retired on £50 a year and one anecdote." The volume contained an autograph letter of Charles Lamb, alluding to "Poor Mary," his sister. A set of Ruskin's works in nine royal octavo volumes bound in Levant morocco, the original edition. One of the volumes was an inscription in Ruskin's handwriting presenting the set to the artist who painted the famous portrait of Ruskin ; a first edition copy of Thackeray's Christmas books, seven 12mo. volumes complete with colored illustrations from his own drawings, one of the rarest sets in the collection ; a copy of Boydell's Shakespeare in nine folio volumes, published in 1800 ; Bulwer's entire works in sixty-four volumes, so rare a set that the booksellers of London say they never heard of a duplicate ; a manuscript copy of "Beau-

mont and Fletcher," a first edition folio of 1647, with engraved portrait of Fletcher done by William Marshall; a first edition of "Dr. Syntax;" a Pickering's edition in fifty-three volumes in calf of the English poets; a Pickering's edition of Izaak Walton's "Angler;" a copy of Morris's "Guinevere," and one of "Maud" from the Kelmscott press. Also a number of original pencil drawings by Cruikshank. The destruction of this little corner outweighed in the estimation of many wise men the far greater intrinsic loss in the stock of the publishers. Now the question is whether the "Saints and Sinners" will ever again have a habitat like that to which they were wonted.



SOME RARE OLD BOOKS

IT was of the nature of a discovery that the General Theological Library, Boston, recently made, upon cataloguing its older books. It found treasures unsuspected even by its friends and patrons. They antedate the age of printing. There are few manuscripts, but among them is a gem which suggests in a modest way the treasures of San Marco at Florence. It is a beautifully illuminated vellum Breviary, probably made at a monastery in Bergamo, how much more than 450 years ago no one knows. It was bound in the last century by "sua altezza il principe d'Estahasi."

The first half-century of printing is represented by a sumptuous black-letter folio of Augustine's sermons, Basel, 1495, pig, exquisitely stamped. Amerbach, the printer, ranks among the foremost of those wonderful old early printers. Its brass clasps are broken. Equally or perhaps more ancient is a little "Liber Meditationū bti Bernardi," with a rare old engraving of the three Eastern Kings, printed at

Cologne. A Paul Orosius "ad Augustinum" was printed at Venice in 1500.

The sixteenth century is well represented, the earliest books being a "Valerius Maximus" by Badius [Paris] 1510, and a superb copy of "S. Bernardi scripta" Paris 1513. A folio of Cicero's "Tusculanae Questiones" was printed at Venice in 1516. The initial letters in the two last volumes and in the next to be mentioned are simply exquisite. Copies of some of them have recently been made which are greatly admired by connoisseurs.

But what the library prides itself upon is its rare sixteenth century Bibles, Latin, Greek and Hebrew. Space permits but the briefest reference to the Latin versions only, the value of which may be estimated by comparison with those of the great collections of the British Museum, the Bibliothèque Nationale and, largest of all, of W. A. Copinger. First is a sumptuous folio, Lugdunum, 1526. Neither this nor a noble folio of Robert Stephanus, Paris, 1540, called "one of the ornaments of his [R. S's.] press," are in the famous Copinger collection. Then comes a translation by Sebastian Castalio, Basel, 1551, which Copinger describes as the the "Rare first ed. of Castalio, dedicated to Edward VI." Two volumes, printed at Basel, 1578, and at Venice 1583, are profusely illustrated with striking wood-cuts. Of the last, Copinger knows of no copy but his own. The Zurich translation, "quam proxime ad literam quidem fieri potuit," appears in two editions: an elegantly stamped large quarto, Tiguri 1564, and a copy without title page, perhaps the rare Francfort edition of 1591.

Visitors at 53 Mt. Vernon Street, will be shown these rarities cheerfully.

GEORGE A. JACKSON.

GROLIER AND HIS BOOKS.

FEW of us moderns may emulate the old treasurer of France and send down to posterity a name synonymous with "noble binding"; but Paul Janet's description of Grolier's library is certainly an inspiration to the book-collector and I take pleasure in reproducing it here:—

"We have now sufficient data to judge of Grolier's library of three thousand volumes, and we know that it contained only works worthy of the highest praise, either because of the matter or the form. The Greek and Latin classics, contemporary philosophers and scholars, geography, archæology and history, composed nearly the whole of it. Beside these, figure the modern Latin poets, who were then read, and the best Italian literature. We feel that the library was not made merely for the recreation of the eyes, it was the library of a sound and sterling scholar, who knew how to choose books, and who read them. Once made certain of their intrinsic value, he occupied himself with their extrinsic beauty. He would have only irreproachable copies and have them made on paper carefully chosen by himself. He had the frontispieces and the initials painted in gold and colors. But it was in the bindings that he gave unimpeachable proofs of his magnificence and taste. The art and care with which they are executed can never be excelled. The ornaments, which he designed himself, are rich, varied, and always in exquisite taste. We are the more disposed to admiration in presence of these masterpieces when we consider that he had to invent everything: the models and the workmen. Therefore, I have no great scruple in saying that Grolier was a book-binder, the most accomplished of bookbinders; but we must not have the air of forgetting, while saying this, that he was the Treasurer of France."

Each volume of Grolier bears the device : *Portio mea, domine, sit in terra inventium* on one side, and *Jo Grolierii et amicorum* on the other.

On the plates of some works are the arms of Antoine Grolier : currant bush for emblem ; motto, *nec arbor nec herba* ; azure, three besants *or*, each surmounted by a star *argent*.

It is quite certain that his cabinet of medals equalled, if it did not surpass, the library in richness and importance. Strada, one of the first numismatists went into ecstasies over it. Sambuch, the historiographer of Maximilian II. and Rudolf II., who had spent twenty years in collecting manuscripts and medals over all Europe, published in 1564 his *Emblemata*, at the head of which is a dedication : *Magnifico Yoanni Groliero, Questori Rego, et consulario Lutetiae*. He speaks of the erudite and instructive conversation he had with him, and of his numismatic prizes worthy to excite the admiration and envy of all princes and cardinals of Italy. It ought to be stated, in justice to Charles IX., of whom so little good can be said, that, when the collection was about to pass into Italy in 1566, he purchased it, and had it brought to Fontainebleau. Unfortunately, it was afterwards pillaged during the wars of the League.



A BALLADE OF MONTAIGNE.

I sit before the firelight's glow,
 With peace between the world and me,
 And con good Master Florio
 With pipe a-light ; and as I see
 Queen Bess herself with book a-knee,
 Reading it o'er and o'er again,
 Here, 'neath my cozy mantel-tree,
 I smoke my pipe and read Montaigne.

Now howls the wind and drives the snow;
 The traveller shivers on the lea;
 While, with my precious folio,
 Behold a happy devotee
 To book and warmth and reverie!
 The blast upon the window-pane
 Disturbs me not, as, trouble-free,
 I smoke my pipe and read Montaigne.

I am content, and thus I know
 A mind as calm as summer sea,—
 A heart that stranger is to woe.
 To happiness I hold the key
 In this rare, sweet philosophy;
 And while the Fates so fair, ordain,
 Well pleased with Destiny's decree,
 I smoke my pipe and read Montaigne.

ENVOY.

Prince! aye, King be your degree,
 Thou monarch of immortal reign!
 Always thy subject I would be,
 And smoke my pipe and read Montaigne!

ARTHUR MACY.



THE AESTHETICAL SIDE OF A LIBRARY.

THE Koh-i-nor in a filagree setting, a "Titian" in "Dutch gilt" frame, and a beautiful woman in rags are like unto a "de luxe" in the average library. The Koh-i-nor, the Titian and the "Beauty" are priceless in any surroundings, but they are worthy of better setting and indisputably entitled to it, and are none the less attractive when brilliantly and richly "mounted."

Nature does well in her exquisite discrimination of "framing," and teaches a much-needed lesson in harmonies. The author gives us his best (indifferent "stuff" is a stranger to tree calf or bold grain levant;) the printers' plates are a delight to the eye; the binder imitates the Groliers, and the publisher "adds" his quota in almost prohibitive price, and despite all these advantages, we indifferently, and at times indecently, house our friends, the authors.

I do not confine these lines to collectors of "Limiteds," but apply them to all who are of the "Book World," and ask, Why do we lovers of books collect a library, using care, discrimination and patience, and when they are collected bestow so little thought on their surroundings?

I am not writing for the man or woman of small means, who, after putting their wage into a book, have little left for exterior embellishment. All honor to those who of their scantiness gather a few dear friends to enliven and enlighten the home. I am writing for him who hath and doeth not, for the one who can afford to produce harmony and only brings forth discord, for the one of ample means, and of limited performance. Why does this condition exist?

With some it is indifference to externals,—it is the spirit, the essence, and not the flesh, we seek, they will tell you. Why then be careful of the binding, the tooling, the Dickinson hand-made paper, the broad margin, the low number, the remarque etching? Why not get your "Gil Blas" in a cheap unlimited edition?

Again, with many, collecting is a fad, a fashion, the thing to do, "gives a chap a sort of literary flavor, don't cher know." These are ignorant not only of the value of a book, but particularly of its final resting place.

Alas! in too many cases the library is a final resting place for many a "grand fellow." A suitable epitaph on many a library lintel would be

"Arrived and shelved!"

Again, some leave the library arrangement to the architect, and, still worse, to the professional decorator, — I almost said desecrator.

What more permanent and unselfish friends has a man than his books! In the sunshine of success, in midnight's gloom of adversity, in sickness or in

health, on Transfiguration's Mount or in Gethsemane's Garden (and life has all these,) who so helpful, who so thoughtful, who so steadfast, who so unobtrusive, who so able and so willing to enter into our life as our Books? You invite into your House Beautiful the brightest and best of the world's heroes; you ask them to become your permanent "guests;" you say to them that of all dear friends they are the dearest, — and Lo! — when illustrious Homer, and thoughtful Plato, and eloquent Cicero, and dark-browed Dante, and chivalrous Cervantes, and cheerful Le Sage, and the mighty Bard of Avon, with their illustrious and incomparable comrades arrive, no intelligent plan has been devised to give them suitable and harmonious "housement."

Let me describe a library I have seen, — not the book part, but the room part. Not every one can have one like unto it, but perchance the man who can, and has it not, may be led to reflect why he has not, and the man who would, but cannot have it in this manner, may gather a fragment from the Mosaic, and endeavor to obtain more of harmony than he now has.

I saw a lofty room, some eighteen feet in height and sixteen feet square, surmounted by a dome of glass. The walls were lined with bold-grained oak cases, with large plate-glass doors, that swung, not slid, "for both sides," said my host, "require cleaning;" the cases were not over six feet high, for he sagely remarked, "Don't sky them; they are immortal without your help." Between each case was a comfortable seat, not a show seat, not a dainty seat, but a large, roomy "cuddle down" built-in seat, which accommodated itself to an hour or two of steady reading. This seat had two broad arms, one broad enough to hold an open book, and the other to write upon, and in one was concealed a small drawer for writing material and an ink well, which, for pro-

tection, had a sliding cover. "Don't, 'chase' around a well-appointed library to find pen and paper, — have them just where and when you want them," said my friend. It had an electric light, properly shaded, back of each seat, which swung on a ball-jointed fixture, so that the light could be properly adjusted. At one end of the room was a gallery, approached by a spiral staircase. This gallery was some five or six feet wide, and contained books of reference and art folios, the railing being arranged so as to serve as support for hinged drop shelves, for, said he, if a volume is to be consulted, I can thus search with a minimum of trouble, a maximum of convenience and comfort. In the centre of the gallery were revolving chairs, and one turn brought him in touch with the book, and another turn to the book-rest or hinged lid.

For ventilation there was a window above each seat, the glass of which consisted of deep rich-toned leaded panes.

A natural question arises in the reader's mind, — How many books did a library so arranged contain?

The cases were six feet high and six feet long, with a seat built between each case, and the case contained six shelves. Each shelf held at least forty-five volumes of fair size, or two hundred and seventy books to a case. In this library there were eight cases and eight seats on the main floor, and some twenty-four hundred volumes of various sizes were taken care of, and in the gallery the sixteen-foot case held between three hundred and four hundred more. This provided room for about twenty-seven hundred to twenty-eight hundred books, which is probably a larger number than most private libraries contain. In the centre of the room was a large solid writing table and comfortable chairs. The table was large enough to hold a goodly number of magazines, and the chairs comfortable enough to bring the body in harmony with the mind. "And don't forget," said my host,

“that many of our best writers have loved nature, and did not object to palms, ferns and growing plants in their sanctuary.”

The color scheme was quiet and restful, such as woodland browns and deep forest greens, and the furniture, both frame and tapestry, were in harmony with the walls and wood-work.

For decoration there were strong old woodcuts, etchings, in ebony frames, upon the walls, and upon the cases there stood busts and statuettes of the Masters of the Crafts, including the author, the inventor, the statesman, and the philanthropist. There was a good liberal fire-place at one end, with a liberal hickory fire crackling on the hearth, and the whole room breathed such warmth and comfort and peace that I felt in the land of “Sweet Contentment.”

This is the library I have seen. Where? In my mind’s eye,—and some day, when my ship comes in with its “Copper Ingots” I will invite BOOK CULTURE and its friends to come and see my Mind’s Library in enduring form.

LOUIS FRANK NEWMAN.



THE INSPIRATION OF BOOKS.

THE story is told of a traveller who on returning from a journey of exceptional interest in remote parts of the world, was anxious to relate his experience. But no one seemed anxious to listen : those to whom he addressed himself had also their experience to relate—experience that filled their limited horizons no less fully than his unusual ones loomed up before his mental eyes. Illness in the family, the gossip of the club or the neighborhood, the thousand and one petty details of daily life clamoured for expression and demanded a hearing. The hen that has never left the barn-yard

makes just as much noise over the laying of her matutinal egg, as the wild-goose who has travelled from the tropics and "honks" high in the air to let the world know that Spring is following.

Desire for expression is universal. It is the origin of literature. But if all men had gifts of expression equal to their craving for it, it is manifest that there would be no books written. Who would read them? As in everything else in this world there is diversity of talent and certain persons are set apart in each generation to be the mouth-piece of others. Among primitive peoples, when there were neither printed nor written books, the deeds of the great, the history of past events, the traditions and religious notions of men were embodied in songs sung by specially-gifted bards. As memory and music are apt to be compensating advantages bestowed on human beings deprived of sight, the acceptable bards were the blind singers who wandered about improvising their herioc lays and welcomed at the herdsman's hut or at the court of the petty chief.

The imagination loves to picture Homer singing the story of Troy. Criticism may tell us that the *Iliad* is only the crystallized remainder of many poems melted into one; that the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* are evidently by different poets. Such criticism makes us impatient: we want the blind bard of Chios. It appeals to our sympathy to read:—

"Seven cities warred for Homer being dead
Who living had no rooffe to shrowd his head."

What must it not have been to the Greeks themselves to hear those majestic, swift, noble hexameters declaimed with musical intonations to the accompaniment of the harp. Even the catalog of ships, so dry to the school-boy, must have filled their ears with their sonorous syllables and their hearts with pride at the might of ancient days! For hundreds of years a

whole nation feasted on these two immortal epics: even now there are occasionally born under alien skies, scholars who find in Homer a satisfaction which nothing else ever gives. They have laboriously to master the tongue in which they are written but the reward compensates for the pains. One could fill pages with panegyrics of these two works which, though among the earliest of literary monuments, have qualities of beauty and grandeur and simplicity and melody unsurpassed. Homer may have been the last of the Greek bards, he may have been only the collector of scattered legends, unifying them by prescience of the genius of the whole people; but whoever he was, his name is writ large. Let us say he lighted the torch in the very sun of poetry and handed it down to latest generations. Virgil rises to his highest level when he imitates him; he dominates the ages; though more distant than any he is still brighter than Virgil or Dante or Milton. There is something fine in the impersonality of such a genius; the singer is only a name but his song is immortal.



Some readers may like to see the original of the charming translation which Miss Guiney has kindly made especially for BOOK CULTURE and we therefore reproduce it here.

EPITAPHE.

Sous ce marbre où croissent des lys,
Avec des roses et du lierre,
Gît une enfant morte jadis,
Qui n'était qu'amour et lumière.

Quand vint le soir, un ange mit
Sur son front le sceau d'allégresse,
Et la mort calme l'endormit
Dans son éternelle jeunesse.

C'est pourquoi n'ayez de remords:
Passez, passants. La vie est brève,
Et les pleurs sont tristes aux morts:
Qu'elle repose dans son rêve.

THE BIERSTADT SALE.

AT the fourth day's sale of the Bierstadt books in New York the steadily increasing value of first editions of American books was one of the striking features. Readers of BOOK CULTURE may like to preserve these figures for future reference.

Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," Boston, 1850, \$20. John Hay's "Pike County Ballads," Boston, 1871, \$3.75.

Holmes's "Professor at the Breakfast Table;" Boston, 1860; first edition; \$6.

Holmes's "Poet at the Breakfast Table;" Boston, 1872; first edition; \$9.

"Horace;" Paris, 1828; bound by Ruban; bought by George D. Smith, \$15.

Howell's "Familiar Letters;" first edition; London, 1645; \$12.50.

Hubert's "Life and Death of Edward the Second;" London, 1628; bound by David, surreptitious first edition; \$20.

Hubert's "Historie of Edward the Second;" first edition; London, 1629; \$29.

James I.'s "His Majesty's Instructions to His Son;" London, 1608; \$20.

Johnson (Samuel), "Vanity of Human Wishes;" first edition; London, 1749; \$11.

Johnson's "Irene," first edition; London, 1749; \$14.

Jonson's "Characters of Two Royal Masques;" first edition; London, 1608; \$115.

Jonson's "Workes," first edition; London, 1616; \$18.

King's "Poems;" &c., first edition; London, 1657; \$21.

Landor's "Imaginary Portraits;" first edition, three volumes; London, 1824-28; \$31.50.

Jusserand's "French Ambassador at the Court of Charles II.;" No. 57 of 65 copies on Japan paper; London, 1892; \$6.50.

Landor's "Imaginary Portraits;" second series, two volumes, first edition; London, 1829; \$17.

Lang's "Ballads and Lyrics of Old France;" first edition; London, 1872; \$27.

Lang's "Aucassin and Nicolette;" Japan paper; London, 1887; \$20.

Lang's "Tercentenary of Walton;" London, 1893; \$18.

Lecky's "History of England in the 18th Century;" eight volumes; London, 1883-90; \$18.

Locher's "London Lyrics;" first edition; London, 1857; \$30.

Locher's "Rowfant Rhymes;" Cleveland, 1895; Rowfant Club publication; \$17.

Locher's "The Rowfant Library;" one of 150 copies; London, 1886; \$14.50.

Longfellow's "Miscellaneous Poems;" Boston, 1826; \$38.

Longfellow's "Voices of the Night;" first edition; Cambridge, 1839; \$18.

Longfellow's "Ballads;" Cambridge, 1842; \$16.

Longfellow's "Spanish Student;" first edition; Cambridge, 1843; \$17.

Longfellow's "Evangeline;" first edition; Boston, 1847; \$56.

Longfellow's "Christus;" first edition; three volumes; Boston, 1872; \$12.

Longfellow's "Writings;" eleven volumes; Cambridge, 1886; large paper; No. 76 of 500 copies; \$22.

What a consolation to the young poet whose little edition of 300 copies does not sell, whose feeble light is not noticed by his sixty millions of fellow countrymen, whose publisher does not recover the value of the plates, to think that perhaps four hundred years from now, one single copy may bring a

thousand dollars at some auction-sale ! As for me, I have sealed up a copy of my poems in an air-tight, bacillus-proof, book-worm guarded iron-box with directions that it is not to be opened for three hundred years. At the end of that time it will come forth, fresh and unbought as it is to-day, the only copy in existence and venerable for its antiquity, priceless for its uniqueness, and breathing (to those who are alive then) of the spirit of a long forgotten and probably barbarous time !



PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE cordial reception accorded **BOOK CULTURE** and the many kind letters of approbation and encouragement received, give assurance that there is a genuine want which our little magazine fills.

Never in the world's history have there been so many book-collectors or builders of private libraries as at the present time. Never has there been such a deep and wide-spread interest in authors, printers, binders, in the book-maker's art in general, and in libraries, their contents, their founding, in rare and curious books, first editions and the like.

It is the aim of **BOOK CULTURE** to supply full and authoritative information on all these subjects from a bibliographical and bibliotaphical standpoint, as well as to give aid and inspiration to the amateur.

BOOK CULTURE has many plans for the future and these will be developed from time to time, so that it will follow a safe and conservative growth. Already arrangements have been made with a number of well-known English and American authors to contribute to its pages. Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Mary E. Wilkins, Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, Miss Edna Dean Proctor, Miss Caroline

Ticknor, Dr. Jackson of the General Theological Library, Professor Charles G. D. Roberts, Mr. Arthur Macy, Colonel Higginson and others will furnish poems and essays. Especial pains will be taken to have the literary quality of a high order and to make the magazine fresh, entertaining and instructive.

The publisher holding out this inducement begs to ask for the encouragement and coöperation of the readers of BOOK CULTURE, so that the fulfilment of his plans may be the sooner realized. This can be best done by increasing the subscription list. The publisher has every confidence in the ability of Mr. Dole, the editor, to make BOOK CULTURE of use and interest to all, and for purpose of fully introducing it at once, is willing to assume all risk and responsibility and offers the following inducement. He asks simply that the name of the reader be inserted in blank attached to page 1 of this number, according to the following :

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WRITTEN ON A LIBRARY WALL.

When faltering fingers bid me cease to write,
And, laying down the pen, I seek the Night,
May those, to whom the Daylight still is sweet,
With loving lips my name oft-times repeat.
And should Belshazzar's spirit hither stray,
And linger o'er the lines I write to-day,
May he, who wept for Babylonia's fall,
Look kindly at *this* "writing on the wall!"

ARTHUR MACY.

BOSTON, MASS.

EDWIN BUCKNER HALL, 18 BOYLSTON STREET.

TO FRIENDS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

IT may be asked what niche in the temple of Literature does this little monthly fill? What room is there for it among all the multitude of magazines that are piled on the counters of the book-shops? Its name, though not striking or original, betrays its purpose: it desires to kindle in the community the love for beautiful books. If its editor is enabled to accomplish his plans there will be in its columns biographical sketches of famous printers, binders and collectors and of their characteristic work. In this respect a beginning has already been made with the articles that have already appeared on the life and work of the famous Grolier. There are private and public libraries in this country and abroad which well deserve description; a series of articles on these will be shortly begun, if the public to which we appeal only deigns to support our undertaking. A number of distinguished authors have promised to furnish brief essays. The chips from an author's work-table are often interesting and valuable: our plan is to print very brief essays or bits of literary criticism written by authors as an aside from their more strenuous undertakings.

BOOK CULTURE, therefore, will not only instruct but will entertain and we hope to fulfil our promises with generous prodigality. Among the contributors to the present number are Mrs. Maude Wilder Goodwin whose stories of Virginia in the olden days—"White Aprons" and "The Head of a Hundred" as well as her historical study "The Colonial Cavalier" have placed her in the forefront of the writers of this country; Mr. Oscar Fay Adams, whose "Dictionary of American Authors" and other works are well known; Mr. Arthur Macy, the witty poet; Mr. Ross Turner, the distinguished artist, and a lady

whose modesty allows only the initial of her famous name to be used but which readers of Dr. Holmes may guess. And Miss Caroline Ticknor, whose recent story in *Harper's Bazaar*, Mr. Howells recently praised for its strength and originality.

BOOK CULTURE again takes the liberty of asking its friends to feel at liberty to submit short articles on "bookish subjects". Accounts of private libraries, and beautiful and rare books; biographical sketches of printers, binders and collectors; brief and racy essays on literary topics; even extracts and poems from generally unprocurable sources, will be gratefully received. Gratuitous contributions will be welcome; but as the laborer is worthy of his hire, the editor hopes to keep up a high standard of literary content by stimulating writers to do their best with the hope of adequate honorarium. Manuscripts submitted should be accompanied by their author's estimated value for the same.



INTELLIGENT BOOK COLLECTING.

INTELLIGENCE applied to the collecting of books is sure to bring its reward. The wise man who buys perfect copies of first editions of the works of great authors and keeps them unsoiled and unspoiled may be sure that they will enhance in value and earn a fair interest and in many cases return the investment with manifold increase. Especially is this true of small, limited editions, such, for instance, as the "Kelmscott" books of the late William Morris, where already, within ten years of their publication, auction sales have shown a phenomenal advance in value. Buying books as a mere speculation, to be sure, is not the ideal of bibliomanie, nor to be commended. But a man who dies and

bequeathes but a small property, a part of which consists of carefully selected books, may leave his family better off than he had dreamed of doing. The late John B. Gribler of Chicago, is said to have left little more than his fine collection of books, twelve thousand in number. But many of these are likely to bring large prices, especially his copy of Pliny, printed by Froben in Basle in 1535, and bearing the autograph of Philip Maelancthon and, on the cover, the arms of Louis XIV. who once owned it; and the large prices recently realized at the sale of the great library of the late Charles Eadward Pratt here in Boston showed that the skillful collector of rarities risks nothing in putting his money into books. During one's lifetime one has the pleasure of possession; when one departs to another world and is unable to take his library with him, the rare specimens go to enrich other collections and the family finds itself fortified against the wolf of poverty.



A NEW PROFESSION.

A YOUNG man who should learn thoroughly about book-binding and printing, who should have an ideal in his own mind of what a gentleman's library should be — what proportion of the books should belong to the various provinces of literature — history, poetry, biography, fiction — and know the best editions, might readily make for himself an important place as a buyer of books for wealthy men who wanted libraries and had not the time and the knowledge requisite for forming them. Few pictures collectors depend on their own taste in selecting their purchases; they call in the service of experts. The professional “interior decorator” is a familiar character;

but while there are in our large cities many men who act as the purchasing agents for provincial libraries, it is doubtful whether there is to be easily found the expert book buyer, who should be able to furnish a Western millionaire's Washington or New York palace with a library corresponding to the rest of the mansion. Here then is a suggestion for some enterprising college graduate.



THE NATIONAL LIBRARY.

IT looks as if with the appointment of Mr. Herbert Putnam to the position of National Librarian, the great Library of Congress would be taken out of politics. Politics is the curse of any public institution. It is openly charged in Washington that many offices have been filled with the mistresses of congressmen, not in the interest of the people but out of favoritism. Mr. Putnam has a great work before him and he will be unhampered by any obligation to pay favors to importunate representatives. The National Library has been badly mismanaged ; it will now have a man at its head who will be able to overturn and correct abuses. It is a noble opportunity and the new librarian accepted the position not from ambition, but from a keen sense of duty. Nowadays the management of a library is a science which requires special training as much as engineering or architecture. The last librarian was a politician and received the appointment as a reward for political services ; the effect of his non-competence was manifested from the first. Now we have at the head of the Institution a man who knows his business and has proved himself both in Milwaukee and here in Boston an administrator of remarkable abilities.

WILLIAM CANTON.

IN May of 1893 there appeared in "Good Words" magazine a remarkable study of child life, entitled "An Enigma," which at once attracted the attention of thoughtful readers, not only on account of the subject itself, but for the striking individuality of the style. In April, 1894, it was reprinted in book form and subsequent editions have been called for. The author, William Canton, now a man a few years past fifty has been for some years the literary manager of a large London publishing house, but prior to 1890 was one of the editors of the *Glasgow Herald*. It happened to the present writer to be for some time a visitor in the Canton household during the autumn of 1892 and it was at this time that "An Enigma" was written. I fancy it had been for some time in his mind but one Sunday he sat down before his writing table and wrote busily for some hours. Later in the day he read to his wife and myself what, with some additions, is now known as "The Invisible Playmate." It, to some extent, is a more or less faithful transcript of the sayings of his little girl, Winifred Vida, then a child of three, sayings which we had all heard from her lips, but interwoven with these there is a faint thread of story, a sense of fatherhood shadowed by a foreboding of loss. The book was soon followed by "W. V : Her Book," and in 1898 by "W. V's Golden Legend." All three books have been widely circulated in the United States as in England, and to lovers of children and childhood the name of their author has become very dear. "A Lost Epic and other Poems" issued in 1887 is, however, less well known than it deserves.

The family of Mr. Canton is made up of himself and wife, and their two children, Winifred Vida, and little Guy, and a most happy, united household it is.

For several years they resided at Finchley, seven miles out of London, but within a year or two have made their home at Highgate, a still nearer suburb. Mr. Canton possesses a happy, sunshiny temperament, a keen sense of humor and, as no reader of his books needs to be told, he is a sincere lover of children. He is a hard worker and the duties of his position leave him less time for original work than could be desired.

OSCAR FAY ADAMS.



A NEGLECTED INHERITANCE.

RUDYARD KIPLING, in the unpoetic motto to a beautiful poem, has made famous the simple phrase "The three-volume novel is extinct."

There is one three-volume novel which we of to-day—heirs of all ages—should not permit to become extinct, a novel which delighted our mature grandfathers and young fathers, but which—though still, perhaps, occupying a place on the upper shelf of an inherited library—is allowed to grow dusty there. This book is "Cecil the Coxcomb," one of the seventy distinct works of Mrs. Charles Gore.

Cecil is a vivid example of a type of man now extinct, for the "dude" of to-day, though the modern equivalent of his foppish ancestor, is a creature far less complete. The coxcomb of Byron's day (which was Cecil's day as well) was a consistent character,—a reflection of the times he lived in, and the alleged autobiography of Mrs. Gore's hero is of so convincing a nature that it is difficult to accept a woman as its author.

We are told that the descriptions of English club-life were supplied by Mr. Beckford, the author of

"Vathek," but they form a comparatively unimportant part of this picture of society as seen through the eyes of a clever, conceited, yet likable young fop.

It is the character of the unheroic hero, the sparkling conversations and lively descriptions of the gay world that make this book a remarkable one, — not merely as a picture of the times, not even as a stricture on them, — but as a good naturedly cynical showing up of a certain phase of society which (in its varying reincarnations) is likely to exist as long as civilization endures. Leigh Hunt in his "Blue Stocking Revels" says of Mrs. Gore's satire that it —

"was not evil a bit,
But as full of good heart as of spirits and wit."

And a little further on in the same poem he exclaims,

"Then how much good reading, what fit flowing words!
What enjoyment whether midst houses or herds!
'Twas the thinking of men, with the lightness of birds."

Almost every page of "Cecil" sparkles with a wit and brilliancy which the reader's pencil jumps to mark. The writer does not pretend to sound the depths of human experience; she tells us herself in the introduction that "It requires talent to skim a surface glibly, — skating is an art as well as diving."

Mrs. Gore skims lightly over the surface of things through three volumes of uneventful history, yet we are never bored. The nearest approach to ennui comes when the author ceases to roam mid pleasures and palaces, and seeks elsewhere the serious or the sentimental. Then we begin to dread the result of the skater trying to turn diver, but she wisely returns to the art already mastered, and glides smoothly and brilliantly on to the end.

"Cecil the Coxcomb" was followed by three duller or more diluted volumes concerning "Ormington, or Cecil a Peer," but here the reader has to search

for the good things, — in the earlier volumes they catch his eye and tickle his intelligence at every turn of the page. “Cecil” is a book our grandfathers enjoyed more than our grandmothers. It is perhaps still a man’s book, but its wit is of a kind to induce the chuckle rather than the unrestrained laugh.

In the preface to authors of her novels Mrs. Gore gives utterance to the conviction that a woman of first-rate faculties would constitute only a third rate man. As the exceptions which prove her rule she cites Mrs. Somerville, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Martineau, and Mrs. Browning. Admirers of true art (who resent the mission of Miss Austin) would add also to this constellation of exceptions the name of Mrs. Gore herself, not as the author of over three-score ephemeral works, — excess of production never yet saved a person from oblivion, — but as the writer of “Cecil,” which belongs in the ranks of universal and immortal fiction.

Those to whom Mrs. Gore’s masterpiece has been a closed book, have an envied pleasure before them in holding Cecil’s favorite companion — the mirror — up to human nature, and watching English society as it danced, and flirted, and idled the time away in the early part of the century.

Fifty years ago the woman who wrote books was the Exception, today she is the Rule, yet it is hard to recall a single latter-day authoress who, like Mrs. Gore in “Cecil,” combines the “thinking of men, with the lightness of birds.” Q.



A PROSE PASTEL.

It is a little thing in prose,
With Gallic smartness swelling :
But what it means no mortal knows —
It is indeed past telling.

D.

OUR ATTITUDE TOWARDS BOOKS.

IN the highest civilization the book is still the highest delight, Emerson assures us, and this thought is one which the reading public might well take to heart.

That books should furnish the "highest delight," not mere diversion, temporary amusement, desired excitement or brief forgetfulness of present ills, is perhaps, a proposition to which only those who truly love their books will instantly subscribe, yet it were well if this article of Emerson's belief could be early impressed upon the mind and soul of every school-child.

In all the whirl and hurry of modern life and manifold pursuits, and in these days of many magazines and countless daily papers when reading is so plentiful and inexpensive 'tis well to echo this thought of Emerson's "lest we forget."

For does this superfluity of literature or reading matter tend to make our books furnish that genuine "highest delight"? Or does it rather incline us to be content with quantity instead of quality?

"What books shall I read?" is an important question which is constantly on the lips of those about us, and all acknowledge that its answer is one hardly less vital than that called forth by the great questions, "What shall we eat and drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?"

Less often, alas! we listen to the query, "What books shall I own?" A query, more vital than the former, and one not to be answered lightly or unadvisedly.

In this day of many books have we learned to care less for them? Is the desire for a library, which one may call his own, and fill with his dear book-

friends, gratified by the knowledge that the Public Library is close at hand and contains a far greater number of books than he may ever hope to purchase?

“No book is worth anything which is not worth much,” Ruskin tells us, adding, “nor is it serviceable until it has been read and reread, and loved and loved again.”

Can one feel thus towards any book whose home is in a library, or whose term of acquaintance expires in two weeks time?

No, if we would experience that “highest” pleasure which a book may bring, that book must be our own.

That “ownership” means all the difference between a friend and an acquaintance; we choose the former for lasting qualities, the latter amuses us for an hour or briefly entertains us and passes on.

The saying “lightly come, lightly go,” may be applied to books as well as loves. We value most the things that have not come to us too easily. The treasures we have scrimped for and struggled to obtain we truly care for and dearly prize.

When once our attitude towards books agrees with that of Emerson, when once our point of view is properly adjusted and we perceive that “highest” pleasure which intercourse with the great thinkers of all ages may bring us, we shall uphold a higher ideal regarding our book-friends than towards those human beings whom we have chosen to be our intimates and confidantes.

And we shall never rest content until the special charmed circle of great men who most appeal to us, is grouped at last upon our shelves.

It is a pleasure to see our friends becomingly attired; we may not love them less in shabby, mean

apparel, but we gaze at them with a sense of keen regret, which springs from an appreciation of their fine qualities, coupled with a desire that the possessors of such gifts shall appear to full advantage in the eyes of the onlooker, who knows them not as we do.

So should we love to see our book-friends suitably dressed, and even so experience a feeling of intense dissatisfaction when we are forced to view them in poor and meagre clothes. A great book is undoubtedly a treasure to possess, no matter how shabbily attired. Better a ten cent Homer, two volumes of Milton for a quarter, a paper-covered Shakespeare, than none at all,— but let us never rest content with our great books in poor, mean bindings! Let us still long to frame such noble thoughts in fair, appropriate settings.

Let our ideals be high and true, of what we owe of deference and fitness and hospitality, towards these great souls which we may have the privilege of sheltering within our homes. First of all, let us have a cordial welcome prepared for these great guests; we fain would entertain them, though we may only offer bread and cheese from a bare larder, but if our purse allows us to set forth a royal feast, in keeping with their merits, what pleasure to provide it! Beware then, lest we fail to make the most of such fair opportunities, nay more, of this our veritable duty. It is a duty to pay honorable tribute to greatness, and it should be our pleasure to discharge a debt of gratitude towards those who bring us that “highest delight” of which Emerson speaks, which we may best express by offering a suitable reception to those noble guests, and in bestowing upon them an honorable entertainment.

CAROLINE TICKNOR.

GROLIER AND THE ALDI.

LE ROUX DE LINCY in his "*Recherches*" states his belief that Grolier was a member of the *Aldi Neacademia*, founded by Aldo the elder at Milan. This learned body comprised some of the greatest scholars and literary men of the age: Cardinal Bembo, Marino Sanudo, Erasmus. Jean-Étienne, the father of Grolier, who was then treasurer of the Italian army under Louis XII. must have visited the Academia and introduced his son according to Le Roux de Lincy. Le Roux, in support of his conjecture, quotes a fact from the celebrated contemporary story-teller Bandello, who dedicated one of his tales to Grolier. In his dedication he speaks of the familiar relations he had formerly with Grolier's father, Jean-Étienne; he tells him he has never forgotten either the father or the son, particularly since the day on which, in the *Convent of the Graces* at Milan, in company with several scholars, among others Messire Antonio Tilesio, whose works Grolier possessed, they disputed at length on the work at Coelius Rhodiginus, entitled *Lectiones Antiquae*.

Grolier was very much attached to Aldo the elder, who died July 6, 1515. In a letter to the latter's brother-in-law, Francis of Asola, who had a printing press at Venice, in which he expresses his intention of sending him the *De Asse* of Budé to be printed, at his own expense, by the Aldi, he says: "His death occasions me the bitterest sorrow, as well because literature has lost in him a most able restorer as because I have been bereft of a most affectionate friend. I hold his memory in very great veneration, and that is why I beg you to take most particular pains in the publication of the work of a friend, a copy of which, carefully

revised and corrected by the author, I now forward you."

In the rest of the letter he enters into details as to the manner in which he wishes the book to appear. His remarks are significant; they explain why all the Grolier editions are so perfect. The last paragraph says:

"But, my dear Francis, you must use all your efforts, so that a work in every way correct may pass from your printing press into the hands of the learned. I conjure you, nay, I even beseech you, again and again, to unite beauty with elegance. Let the paper be without stain, the characters of perfect equality, and, a thing by no means to be disdained, let the margins be wide; [*spaciosi margines*,] in fine, I wish to have this book executed with the same characters which were formerly used in printing the *Politian*, and of the same size [*format*]. If such ornateness entails great expense on you, I will not fail to make it up to you. I wish, moreover, that nothing be changed in, or added to the original."

The *Politian* referred to is one of the rarest and most remarkable of the works printed by Aldo the elder.

Grolier continued his protection to the Aldi, who were often in difficulties. In 1521, when the second edition of Terence appeared, Francis of Asola, in his dedication to Grolier expresses his sense of obligation in very strong but manly terms, and in his dedication of the *De Asse* in 1522, he says: "You have not only proved your singular good will to me and my brother Frederick but to all our house. You showed great affection to my brother-in-law Aldo, and have, on many occasions, come to his help; you have always loved Andrew, our father, and he is dear to you to-day."

In fact, Grolier ordered several copies of every book that issued from the Aldine presses, some printed on vellum, others on white or colored paper, to be specially prepared for his library.

“The edition of the book of Budé on Weights and Measures and Coins [*De Asse*]” says Le Roux de Lincy, “is not only a proof of Grolier’s affection for the author, but of his knowledge and taste as well. In fact, no book deserves to be better known than the treatise *De Asse*, printed, but very imperfectly, at Paris in 1514. In spite of the somewhat tedious digressions, which have not escaped the criticism of contemporaries, it contains very correct and even very full information on the measures, coins and weights of the ancients. . . By having the book of his friend published by the Aldi, Grolier scattered it over the whole of learned Europe, and thus quickly gained for the author the eulogy he merited. Even in his digressions, for which Erasmus, it is said, from a sentiment of jealousy, censured the author, we can find to-day information of the great utility and value, for instance, concerning the condition and administration of the finances under Louis XII., the value of coins in France up to the XVIth century, the value of the precious metals, and important questions of political economy never before discussed.”

The assistance given by Grolier to the Aldi continued during his life, always acknowledged by them in their dedications. In 1544 they published translations of the *Andria* and *Eunuchus* of Terence which they dedicated to Grolier. They recall all the favors they have received from him and the gratitude he inspired throughout the country: “Voi siete per tutta Lombardia quasi un nume celeste riguardato in terra.” “You are regarded through all Lombardy,” they say, “as a divinity upon earth.” I. C. B.

WHITTLED STICK LITERATURE.

I WAS once staying at a hotel where a famous poet was also tarrying. One day I met one of the poet's friends in the hall.

"I have a memento for you, which I am sure you will cherish, said she.

I assented with thanks—

"You know," she continued, "that Thackeray wrote *Vanity Fair* with a quill pen."

"Ah," thought I, "here is treasure trove!"

"Well," the lady went on, "when our poet was in England he found Thackeray in his study with the sheets of *Vanity Fair* before him. Thackeray was mending his pen with a pearl-handled knife which he threw across the table, jocularly bidding his visitor keep it as a souvenir."

My hopes fell a little; but I reasoned that though one remove further from the rose it had gathered value from the poet's touch.

"Listen then!" exclaimed my new acquaintance:

"This morning as the poet sat in the garden, he drew out this knife and whittled this stick which I secreted for you."

Thus I became the fortunate possessor of the stick whittled by the knife that mended the pen that wrote *Vanity Fair*.

This trifling episode often recurs to my mind in reading the "personal" column of the current magazines. It is suggested by the trituration of association, and the trivial anecdote of personalities connected with the great, as remotely as the dog that ate the cat that ate the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house, was connected with the immortal Jack. Not content with setting forth in large pica, the valet's estimate of the hero, the editors must also print in

brevier the valet's valet's estimate of the valet, and so on *ad infinitum*.

The same point is illustrated by a recent book entitled "Mr. Froude and Carlyle." Starting professedly as a defence of Carlyle it quickly develops as an attack on Froude and all the witnesses who recorded any infelicities in the Carlyle household. We have Froude's religion hauled over the coals and a silly chapter of an early romance, written by Froude, quoted at length as if it had any bearing on Carlyle's character as a husband. The author discredits Miss Jewsbury's testimony by the simple device of alluding to her as "Miss *Gooseberry*;" while Mrs. Carlyle's other friends become "shrill females" and Mrs. Carlyle herself is characterized as a sprightly but neurotic little lady addicted to "shrewing" her patient and over-indulgent spouse.

The public, which seemingly can never drink its fill of Carlyleana, would listen attentively to any proofs tending to refute the statements of Mr. Froude which are still being weighed in the scales of time; but it will have scant patience with such whittled-stick literature as this compiled by David Wilson.

MAUDE WILDER GOODWIN.



THE ARTIST AND THE PRINTER.

THE decline of the once glorious art of Illustration, which for six hundred years filled the world with beautiful forms and splendid color began soon after the discovery and introduction of the art of printing. The fine Manuscript work in art and color, paled before the sombre-toned black and white work of the printer. Slowly but surely, the art of Illustration gave way before the forward march of the type, and printing press; the prac-

tical contemplation of the monk and artist, to the ruder activity of the craftsman, until the art of Illustration all but vanished among what is known to us as the *lost arts*.

We cannot say that the art of Illustration ever wholly ceased to be practiced as an art, that ornamental writing was not employed in various ways to this present; indeed the last lingering ray of this beautiful ancient art did exist, in a somewhat debased form — among the Germans and their descendants, as late as the year A. D. 1830—in the state of Pennsylvania.

The early printer shows in his work a fine feeling for composition, form and tone effects, much of that beautiful inspiration which was so strongly shown in the Illustration work. In the use of Illuminated Capitals, in color, and ornaments, often lavishly, but always correctly used, to produce an object of artistic value, the early printer shows he was essentially an *artist*, before he was a *craftsman*; he possessed in a newer form the spirit and truth of the illuminator. Mere mechanical perfection, which is the pride of modern printing, was not what he sought, this feature was always sacrificed to the *artistic truth* of the *whole page* or *book*; consequently his work has unusual excellence, as well as artistic merit. The character of his type was influenced and balanced by the forms which hitherto have been created by the pen or brush alone. Many of those older forms are yet considered as models in form, and are the well springs of inspirations for recent efforts in inspiring modern typography.

In the use of the hand press, of type of less mechanical perfection of detail, Mr. Morris in his work, proves that the art is not by any means lost, that there is such a thing as a tone, or *color* of the

page to admire; that the craftsman may be also an artist.

Could not our craftsman in the "Art that is the preservative of all Arts" do something in these days, towards bringing the artist and illuminator into more sympathy with his work; could he not produce something that would stimulate an artistic imagination to work upon? A printed page, or a book suggest a scheme of decorations?

Why not meet the artist and illuminator at least half way? We have greatly improved matters in the printers' craft within a few years past; yet much remains to be done before we can enter into a condition that once existed between the artist illuminator and the artist craftsman.

ROSS TURNER.



THE editor of the *Philadelphia Record* thus emphasizes the fact that this is preëminently the age of fine and expensive books:

"Two men stood at a bargain counter in the book department of a dry goods store. 'How cheap!' said one. 'Yes; this is the day of cheap books,' replied the other.

"I wondered if these men realized that this is also an age of expensive books—expensive because of new and beautiful type, fine, English hand-made Holland, or Japan paper, perfect press-work, *remarque* etchings, and photogravures by the most skillful and eminent artists, and bindings in keeping with all this elegance, taste, and skill put forth in the production of such books as the world never saw before.

"This is eminently the age of fine books. Among cultured people of means there is, and very naturally and properly too, nothing which comes

into the home, more carefully selected than books for the library. A large class of people—a class increasing each year—demands limited and *de luxe* editions of all standard authors, fine art, historical, and other books to an extent that has induced several of the wealthiest and most experienced American publishers to devote their attention exclusively to the making of fine editions for subscribers only.

“ I recently attended the sale of an extensive library composed almost exclusively of choice editions collected with much care by a well-known Philadelphian during his lifetime. With but few exceptions, these books brought at public sale more than the original prices. Several copies of limited editions now exhausted were sold at several times the original prices.

“ This is an age of progress, with a vast number of people of cultivated taste and keen judgement who appreciate and strive for the finest homes the skill of architects and builders can produce, fine china and silverware, fine furniture, fine paintings and engravings, and fine books. Indeed, the taste and desire for fine books is one of the first indications of culture and refinement; for a man’s books are his companions.”



WHAT THE SONNET IS.

Fourteen small broidered berries on the hem
 Of Circe’s mantle, each of magic gold ;
 Fourteen of lone Calypso’s tears that rolled
 Into the sea, for pearls to come of them ;
 Fourteen clear signs of omen in the gem
 With which Medea human fate foretold ;
 Fourteen small drops which Faustus, growing old,
 Craved of the Fiend, to water life’s dry stem.
 It is the pure white diamond Dante brought
 To Beatrice ; the sapphire Laura wore
 When Petrarch cut it sparkling out of thought ;
 The ruby Shakespeare hewed from his heart’s core ;
 The dark, deep emerald that Rossetti wrought
 For his own soul, to wear for evermore.

EUGENE LEE-HAMILTON.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

With the object of increasing its already large subscription list, BOOK CULTURE will offer a prize for the most original and unique plans for increasing its circulation. Contest closes May 15, 1899.

Address all Communications to the Publisher.

BOOK CULTURE desires representatives in every locality to procure subscriptions. A liberal cash compensation will be paid, besides an opportunity given to earn handsome premiums. Now what these will be shall be determined by the contestants themselves. We, therefore, request those who are interested to write and state what articles they would like best to possess, and from letters received from this invitation a premium list of articles will be made up. None but articles of genuine value, without any inflation of prices, will be placed upon the list.

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NATHAN HASKELL DOLE, Editor.

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ASPIRATION.

The little waves sigh,
The cliffs are so high !
The soaring cloud weeps,
So high the star creeps !
And thou, little heart,
Tear-misty thou art
As yonder wet star —
Love's face is so far !

AGNES LEE.

BOSTON, MASS.

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FOR THE FEW AND THE MANY.

THE late William Morris was a socialist in theory; his dress proclaimed his creed. But many persons have wondered how he could reconcile his socialism with the productions of the Kelmscott Press, the volumes of which were issued in unlimited editions and at prices far above the means of the average book-buyer.

Morris was not aiming at the vulgarization of the printer's art. It was not a part of his socialism to enable every-day laborers to possess hand-printed Chaucers. He had a higher aim. He recognized the dignity of manual labor; the honest work demanded by a book of which the paper should be of the finest quality, the typography done with loving care, the binding of the most durable description costs and must be paid for; it is therefore out of the question for more than a few to possess such books. If ever the ideal State shall be constituted, such books will be in the hands of those who best deserve them; now they are owned by those who have money to spend for them and the wisdom to value their beauty or rarity.

The whole difficulty of socialism lies in the limit of rarity. There are only so many front seats in the synagogue; the corner lots or those that face natural beauties are few, and not all men can possess them. But the time will come when the propriety of public institutions lodged in magnificent edifices standing on sites of greatest beauty, even if private persons are dislodged to make room for them, will be fully recognized. And it is always a distinct gain when a bibliophile, dying, leaves his treasures to the public library, where they are not only preserved with the greatest possible care, but are made available for a multitude of book-lovers who would not be able to buy perhaps one of them, if they were dispersed by auction.

There is no likelihood of any diminution in the prices of rare editions ; as time goes on, the value of them will enhance, especially under the present régime of immense fortunes. But the example already set by philanthropic men and women of wealth in bequeathing or even lending their treasures to art-museums and libraries is also rapidly becoming contagious. Thus the public which, as represented by the average citizen, could never even see some of the curiosities and splendors of Art becomes the owners of them, and the love of Art and a general culture is naturally spread throughout the community.

Every attempt at making costly books, in the highest form of typography, the richest paper and the most luxurious bindings, even when the editions are strictly limited is, therefore, to be welcomed. They may at first become the property of Midas, but ultimately they belong to the world and enrich it with beauty. So William Morris, even as a socialist, was justified in his noble aristocracy of exclusiveness.



ULTIMATE RECOGNITION.

SOMETIMES there seems to be a tragic pathos in the lives of great men who, having been born, as it were, out of their due time, are neglected or misunderstood by their contemporaries. Occasionally the hunger for recognition and appreciation which man naturally craves, makes the isolation of such geniuses a life-long trial to them ; but as a rule there is a compensation and they can always console themselves by the thought, that if they have really deserved anything from their fellow-men the recognition will come even if they do not live to see it.

Probably any reasonable being would choose present neglect with posthumous revenge of ever growing fame, rather than popularity with his contemporaries followed by oblivion. Many great souls have been buoyed up by their consciousness of desert and most such men have had "fit audience though few."

I have before me as I write a large photograph of a man who is surely destined to become more popular as the years go on. It is a Wordsworthian head; a noble domed brow, shaded with a crown of white hair; keen eyes under shaggy brows; a refined, sensitive nose, the nose of a poet; a firmly developed chin; and over the whole face which instantly commands attention, broods an aura of perhaps rather severe contemplation. It is the picture of THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS, who died seven years ago at the age of seventy-three. He wrote for the few; he was always very retiring, shunning publicity and getting his enjoyment of life from his few intimate friends, and his acquaintance with the classics of literature, especially Dante. Many think that his translation of the *Divina Commedia* is the best ever made; and regard his "Lines on a Bust of Dante" as among the best poems in the English language. He had a remarkable correspondence with the venerable English poet, Rogers, also with Walter Savage Landor and other of the great men of his day and BOOK CULTURE takes great pleasure in announcing that a new edition of his poems with the addition of a part of his correspondence is to be brought out under the editorship of Mr. William R. Alger, who appreciated Parsons as few men could do. The new edition will contain many of Parsons's finest poems, which have hitherto been merely fugitive.

This will be welcome news to a wide circle of those who like the best things in literature.

ALTHOUGH, as we have said, BOOK CULTURE aims especially to cultivate the love for beautiful books, in the finest and best editions, and will devote its energies especially to articles on what one may call "Bookish subjects," still it welcomes articles of literary value in themselves. It desires to shun monotony, it does not wish to harp on one string. We present poems this month by Arlo Bates, Litt. Doc., Professor of English Literature in the Institute of Technology and author of many admirable stories and musical lyrics, and by Mrs. F. Watts Lee, author of "The Round Rabbitt." Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells writes charmingly of characteristic Love Letters; Mr. Chaplain Hoes, of Santiago fame, gives some interesting hints about pamphlets, of which he himself has a large and valuable collection; a book-lover connected with the Boston Theatre shows briefly but suggestively the evolution of the Negro song; Mr. Henry C. Lahee, author of "Famous Singers," having been himself for some years connected with the merchant marine of England, hints at the prevalent fault of sea stories. The daughter of one of Boston's best-known publishers suggests certain books for the goal of collectors; and the translator of "White Rocks" writes of Catherine de' Medici and Diane de Poitiers.

We hope that our readers will acknowledge that we are keeping our promise of entertainment and instruction and that they will reciprocate by recommending our venture to the attention of their friends. Among our future contributors will be Mrs. Margaret Deland, Colonel Thomas W. Higginson, Professor Charles G. D. Roberts, Roswell Field, brother of the unforgettable Eugene, Miss Mary E. Wilkins; and many others whose kindly words, accompanying their cordial promise to contribute, are fully appreciated and here acknowledged.

PAMPHLETS.

IT would be difficult to overestimate the value of the ephemeral literature of these and other days, known as "Pamphlets." These fugitive meteors of literature, relating, as they do, to almost every field of knowledge, sustain a relation to the evolution of thought and the preservation of facts (and falsehoods,) quite as important as do the more imposing publications which, for want of a better name, we call "books." When one has desired to say something too lengthy for a newspaper communication and too brief for a pretentious volume he has thrown his thoughts or facts to leeward in the shape of a pamphlet. For centuries the world has been flooded with this kind of literature to such an extent that it furnishes us with a mirror of the intellectual activity and material development of the various epochs in which it was produced.

Miles Davies, in his *ICON LIBELLORUM*, quoted by the elder Disraeli, stated the case very quaintly, more than 180 years ago, when he said that "from Pamphlets may be learned the genius of the age, the debates of the learned, the follies of the ignorant, the *bévue*s of government, and the mistakes of the courtiers. Pamphlets furnish beaux with their airs, coquettes with their charms. Pamphlets are as modish ornaments to gentlewomen's toilets as to gentlemen's pockets; they carry reputation of wit and learning to all that make them their companions; the poor find their account in stall-keeping and in hawking them; the rich find in them their shortest way to the secrets of church and state. There is scarce any class of people but may think themselves interested enough to be concerned with what is published in pamphlets, either as to their private instruction, curiosity and reputation, or to the public ad-

vantage and credit; with all which both ancient and modern pamphlets are too often over familiar and free. In short, with pamphlets the booksellers and stationers adorn the gaiety of shop-gazing. Hence accrues to grocers, apothecaries and chandlers, good furniture, and supplies to necessary retreats and natural occasions. In pamphlets lawyers will meet with their chicanery, physicians with their cant, divines with their Shibboleth. Pamphlets become more and more daily amusements to the curious, idle and inquisitive; pastime to gallants and coquettes; chat to the talkative; catch-words to informers; fuel to the envious; poison to the unfortunate; balsam to the wounded; employ to the lazy, and fabulous materials to romancers and novelists."

Nothing can better illustrate the value of pamphlets and the importance of their systematic collection than the remarkable work accomplished by George Thomason, the Royalist bookseller of London. In 1641 he conceived the idea of gathering the various pamphlets and broadsides relating to the Civil War in England. For twenty years he pursued his task with such remitting zeal that when he died in 1666 he had accumulated, arranged and bound in chronological order in 2,220 volumes, from 33,000 to 34,000 separate publications. The collection remained at Oxford for about fourteen years subsequent to the collector's death, and finally, in 1762, was purchased for £300 by George III and presented by him to the British Museum. The obstacles that beset Thomason in collecting this material were at times almost insurmountable. He was beset again and again by the civil authorities, who disapproved of his undertaking, and it was only by the merest chance that his whole collection escaped destruction in the London fire of 1666.

There are other immense collections of pamphlets

in the library of the British Museum relating to almost every branch of knowledge, and the same is true of a large number of public libraries and other similar institutions in the United States. The various historical societies in America, whether national, state or social, pride themselves in many instances more upon their collections of pamphlets than upon their array of books. Generally speaking, the latter can usually be obtained at short notice where money to pay for them is at command, but pamphlets, many of which as soon as read are consigned to the wastebasket, either can not be obtained at all, or only after long and patient waiting, and then at prices which are often prohibitive.

Librarians like Wilberforce Eames, Herbert Putnam and others of similar judgment and experience have always appreciated the importance of collecting for permanent preservation every pamphlet within their reach, regardless of the subjects to which they may relate. Some of these birds of passage are of such an ephemeral character that it is literally necessary to "catch them on the fly." The editions of many of them are very small, and the copies composing them quickly become widely separated. But they tell their own story, and fill an important niche in the fleeting history of the day. Everything that has ever appeared in print, even if it be only a patent-medicine almanac, is now, and always will be, useful to someone. And in institutions like the Boston Public Library or our National Library at Washington people have a right to demand that they be preserved.

ROSWELL RANDALL HOES.



TO A MISERLY BIBLIOPHILE.

You say you love your books! And yet you clothe them
In such cheap garb that I should say you loathe them!

D.

DESTINY.

"Ah, when I was a weed," the thistle saith,
"Had I the choice to spring, and bud, and blow
Into a rose lip-red or white as snow,
Rocked on love's bosom to delicious death?"
"Ah, was it mine, before I drew life's breath,"
Man murmurs, "so the ways of growth to know
That I could all my being shape, and show
Manhood's perfection now life offereth?"
Poor weed, and mortal poor! Each must fulfill
The part allotted in the scheme of fate;
Each work its destiny of good or ill,
Each bear its bliss or woe, if small or great,
But back of both the great Eternal Will
Worketh a good sublime the ages wait.

ARLO BATES.



FAIR BIBLIOPHILES.

THERE are few books more greedily sought after by the ardent collector than those bearing the arms of certain women who are more famed for their beauty and influence than for their morality and honesty. The prices obtained for them at public auctions would sometimes seem extravagant, but the genuine bibliophile will tell you that, considering the memories they recall, the magnificence of the binding, and the fine condition of the text, their value is inestimable. Some critics have asserted that, unlike most of the male bibliophiles, these great ladies valued their books, not for what was inside of them, but for their external artistic finish and elegance. When the book was bought, bound in the luxurious style demanded by the fair purchaser and placed in such a position on the shelf of a splendid library that all might easily see it and compliment the owner on her taste, the required effect was produced.

The accusation, probably justified in the majority of cases, cannot be accepted as universally true. Cath-

arine de' Medici, Diane de Poitiers, in the sixteenth century, and a few other noble or royal ladies in the following centuries, left libraries in which most of the works had genuine merit, and there is evidence to show the injustice of the statement that they were entirely ignorant of the contents of the volumes they had gathered together with such zeal.

As for Catharine de' Medici, that strange product of the Renaissance, with its love for the beautiful and utter blindness to ethical distinctions, she had been reared in the midst of the great artists and authors who had placed Italy at the head of the civilization of the age; she naturally, therefore, inherited the traditions of her family and her surroundings, and brought these traditions with her into France. She did more. She had been an enthusiastic collector from childhood. She brought with her also a number of priceless manuscripts that had once belonged to the Emperor of Constantinople. She never afterwards neglected any opportunity of adding to her library. The means she employed were sometimes honest, occasionally — perhaps oftener — just a little tricky. She invited her cousin, Marshall Strozzi, evidently because she wanted to get hold of his library, to enter the French service; she insisted, when she had him under her hand, that he should bequeath to her his rich collection of books, as they were really “Medici books” and could not leave the family. She promised, however, to pay his son and heir a liberal price for them. “But,” Brantôme tells us, “after the death of the said Marshall, the queen-mother, incontinent, broke her said promise of recompensing his son and never a single sol did he get out of her for that library estimated to be worth far more than fifteen thousand crowns, because of the rarity of its large and beautiful books. Often has he spoken to me of this thing and very ill content he was.”

By such dubious acts, Catharine rendered her library one of the finest, if not the finest of the times. It contained more than four thousand volumes and about a thousand Latin and Greek manuscripts of the greatest value.

One of Catharine's little weaknesses was a decided disinclination to pay anyone, if she could help it, and after her death the library stood in great danger of being seized by her creditors. Fortunately for the lover of gorgeous bindings and brilliant miniatures, the happy thought occurred to her chaplain that it was a national heirloom and could not be scattered. It was afterwards entrusted to the great collector de Thore, when he became master of the Royal Library, and letters patent were issued in 1594, making it the property of the crown and apparently insuring it against the danger of dispersion for all time.

When Catharine became a widow in 1579, to show her incontrollable grief for her somewhat easy-going husband, she adopted an emblematic device, to be found engraved in some of her books, which consists of a little pile of calcined stones watered by a rain of tears; above it waves a streamer bearing the inscription: *Ardorem extincta testantur vivere flamma. Although the flame is extinguished, the heat bears witness that love is not.* The art is questionable, and while a little hypocrisy is permissible to a beautiful and accomplished lady like Catharine, to be inartistic is a crime that can hardly be pardoned a Medici. The books of Catharine still in existence, have her cipher and monogram. The most splendid of them all is the *Livre d'Heures*, bought nearly a half a century ago for \$12,000 at the sale of the Duchess of Berri's library. It is now in the Musée du Louvre. This little volume is considered not to have been exceeded in beauty by any book in the library of Grolier, and, from a historical point of view as well as from

an artistic, to be cheap even at \$12,000. Each page is framed in a border with colored drawings of an infinite variety and interspersed with *fleurs-de-lys*. It contains fifty-five miniatures of members of the House of France, remarkable for their delicate execution and iconographically of surpassing interest. The binding is wonderfully fine. But it would take chapters to describe the beauties of the work.

There are, at least, thirty-three books belonging to Catherine's Library in existence, nearly all in French Public Libraries. The exceptions are a *Livre d'Heures*, with very fine miniatures, in the Royal Library of the Hague; a few in the British Museum and National Library, London, and one in the Royal Library, Berlin.

"The books of Catherine de' Medici have a special interest," says M. Bouchart, "for all wishing to make a thorough study of the history of binding in the sixteenth century. The first volumes which Catherine had bound after her arrival in France in 1533, smack somewhat of the memory of Grolier; the splendid *Dante*, now in the Bordeaux Library (No. 17) affords sufficient evidence of this fact . . . Later on, when she had become queen, and at a time when friendship had reached its zenith, her books assumed a character of grandeur only to be rivalled by those of Diane de Poitiers; the *Discours de Brassantin* (in the Bibliothèque Nationale) is the most remarkable specimen of the new style; at length, during the last years of her life, the Xenophon, with its ovals, roses, fleurs-de-lys and miniatures, like those in the books of Henry III. indicates a new halt and marks the end of the Renaissance."

This book belonged to Sir John Hayford Thorold, and was sold by him at London in December, 1884, for \$850 to the Librairie Damascène Morgan. The ornaments on the borders are repro-

duced on the cover. The large ciphers, fleurs-de-lys and arms are in gold, the frames of the arms, the little ciphers and the interweavings are in silver. One of the reasons for the great interest bibliophiles and book-binders take in this volume is that the interweavings, contorted and symmetrical, appear here for the first time, in succession to the beautiful arabesques of Henri II.

JAMES C. CLARKSON.



IZAAC WALTON.

I will with reverent pleasure still peruse,
Zealous to free myself from needless cares,
Along the flowered margin of a stream,
A quiet, sunny, summer-day all through,
Choice words of restfulness and wisdom pure ;
With well-contented cheerfulness.
Aiming to gain my gentle master's mood.
Let me not lose the power to see and feel
The sights and sane emotions that once ruled
Over the soul of him who angled there,
Near pious Nature in her sanctity.

LAWRENCE HEBER.



LOVE LETTERS AND POEMS.

JUST now, when young girls are wondering if they will ever receive such love-letters as Robert Browning wrote, and married women are snubbing Elizabeth Browning's epistles as being neither sensible nor practical, it is well to remember that our American women and men have indited, in their own generations, missives of equal sentiment and idealism.

What could be daintier than Governor Winthrop's courting of Margaret, his third wife, even if he did begin at eighteen to acquire the art of spontaneity in love-making ! What matters it now that their letters were bestrewn with scriptural passages ? Very reverent was the Governor as a protector of her soul, as

a tender and wise care-taker of her earthly career. She wrote him submissively, unto the Lord; every now and then breaking into a little unsanctified adoration of him as a man, which probably made him love her all the more. Mrs. Earle, biographer of the gracious Margaret, did well to wax enthusiastic over their correspondence.

Dearer even than that, sweet unto the agony of fear lest its love destroy another soul, glowing with all the spiritualities of faith poured into the sacrament of marriage, are the letters of Jonathan Edwards to his wife. To us he is the lover, not the theologian; his logic anent damnation becomes irradiated with the warmth of a passion that does not crave Heaven unless life there is in twos. Edwards would have been a genuine Cyrano de Bergerac, if occasion had offered for the immolation of self for the sake of the beloved.

And what is more precious in all the literature of love than Hawthorne's name for his wife, "Belovedst;" In exaltation of sentiment the Hawthornes are co-equal with the Brownings.

Franker than seems possible is the "Story of William and Lucy Smith," written by her after his death, the record of a most intimate communion of two high natures who found in the "togetherness", as she terms it, of eleven years of marriage the noblest happiness that mortals can enjoy.

Very different is "Hyperion" in which Longfellow laid his followers unto tribute for telling them how he sued for Mary Ashburton, the real Mary Appleton, who blessed his life. From such courtships the unskillful take heed unto their ways, and though they publish not their romance, none the less is it enacted with fitting amorousness because they have read of what Mary and Henry did and didn't.

Yet it took a woman to see into the modern, tentative, probing, all-things-considering method of becom-

ing engaged, (a phrase as elliptic in speech as it is in fact). "Love in the Nineteenth Century," by Miss Harriet W. Preston is the title of her imaginary conduct of an affair through correspondence. The centuries in difference of thought between Jonathan Edwards and Miss Preston loom up clearer in prose than in pöesy, for both rhyme and rhythm count their measures in time to these world pulse-beats, which make the Catholic invocation to the Virgin, the mediæval, ecstatic, ratiocination of thought over impossible femininity; the Elizabethan conceits; the songs of Moore and Burns and their myriad imitators, the inevitable forerunners of the singers who frequent the poet's corners of our day.

Not in that newspaper nook, however, is to be placed Arlo Bates's "Sonnets in Shadow," dedicated to his wife, whose literary work had the charm of quaint simplicity and whose

. . . . "life was like a crystal, perfect so,
Whene'er growth ended."

Love, whether that of husband or father, mother or sister, finds in these sonnets its own unexpressed utterances.

Still above all other American poets, as the interpreter of love and religious trust, shines Sidney Lanier. No more pathetic or tenderer letter was ever penned than that by his wife when he had died. "We are left alone with one another, . . . his love and immortal will held off the destroyer of our summer yet one more week, . . . then falls the frost and that unfaltering will renders its supreme submission to the adored will of God." Exquisite is the poem "My Springs," apostrophizing the strength and peace that come to him from gazing into the eyes of his wife as they tell of "home loves and high glory loves."

"I marvel that God made you mine,
For when He frowns, 'tis then ye shine."

Solemn with all church organ peals is his "Wedding Hymn," grander than any Wedding March. "In Absence" is another love poem, and think what absence meant to the doomed man and the waiting wife! And then he bids good-bye to her in the lines called "In the Foam."

"I sweep out seaward, be thou brave and reach the shore,
Sweetheart,
Christ buffet the wild surge for thee, till thou 'rt ashore,
Sweetheart."

It is the sense of a husband's protection, not of a young lover's fancy, which makes these poems of Lanier so peculiarly dear to the middle-aged. Early youth misses in them the metaphors and conceits that tickle the imagination, and the elderly find in them too little of the "old arm-chair" retrospect view of life. But to those still in the stress of striving they presage a calm sureness of the self-consciousness of love, and of immortal life because of love, that is the counterpart of the Winthrop love-letters, which rested their assurance on Bible texts.

KATE GANNETT WELLS.



PRICELESS POSSESSIONS.

THE untiring energy displayed by the book-lover in his search for first editions of famous books, and those containing authors' signatures, or having special associations, is not to be wondered at, and is certainly much to be commended.

When one considers that these priceless treasures, which enhance in value and interest as the years roll on, can never be duplicated or replaced, one cannot fail

to appreciate the pleasure and satisfaction which the ownership of such a volume must bring.

Could the efforts of the weary searcher be rewarded, occasionally, by the discovery of some of the volumes particularly famous for the associations connected with them, how little he would count the cost of time or the labor expended for such a result!

How the pulses of the fortunate hunter would quicken could he but come in contact with some of the following volumes noteworthy for the special associations that cluster about them.

Charles Lamb's copy of Chapman's "Homer," which Leigh Hunt once saw him kiss.

The copy of Fielding's "Amelia," owned by Dr. Johnson, which he read through without stopping; also his Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," the only book, he confessed, that ever took him out of bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise.

The presentation copy of "Frankenstein," with the autograph gift-words from the author Mary Shelley, to Mary Cowden Clarke.

The presentation copy of "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures" from Douglas Jerrold in which the author wrote "Presented with great timidity, but equal regard to Mrs. Cowden Clarke."

The volume of Emerson, upon the fly-leaf of which is inscribed by Professor Tyndall, "Purchased by inspiration."

The pocket copy of Thompson's "Castle of Indolence" which belonged to Wordsworth and in which he wrote the stanza beginning, "Within one happy Castle there dwelt one."

Shelley's "Ossian" with the poet's signature on the title page.

The folio copy of Shakespeare, containing Keats's marginal note.

The gift copy of "Bleak House," from Dickens,

to Mrs. Clarke in which the author wrote: "Mary Cowden Clarke, with the regard of Charles Dickens, December, 1853."

The presentation copy of Shelley's "Queen Mab" to Mary Godwin in which the author wrote: "You see, Mary, I have not forgotten you."

To this list might be added countless volumes that carry with them deep and tender memories of their authors or owners, but it is, alas, very seldom that the book hunter's search is rewarded by the discovery of any gem so rare.

A very great or famous man had his favorite book, and that one is to us sacred forever for its associations, and is a treasure to be sought for unceasingly in booksellers' catalogues, or at auction sales.

That these rare volumes have a high monetary value as well as a sentimental one, is not surprising, but let us place the value of our interest upon the latter attribute rather than upon the former, lest we overlook the one in our regard for the other.

E. S. S.



COLORED LITERATURE.

THE literature of the colored race seems thus far to have been expressed in songs and it is curious to watch the varying types of those which have become popular. At first they were of a monkeyish character, such as *Jim Crow* and *Old Zip Coon*. Then came an era of sentimental ditties: *Nelly Gray*, *Way Down Upon the Suwanee River*, *My Old Kentucky Home*, *Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground*, etc. These songs were written by white men, notably Stephen C. Foster, and pictured the negro as a man of fine feelings. The next era showed him as a religious enthusiast, venting his feelings in hymns, written by his own race,

like *Didn't My Lord Deliver Daniel*, *Swing Low Sweet Chariot*, *Nobody Knows What Trouble I've Seen*, *Mary and Martha Have Just Gone Along*, and a long list of others. Then came more white men portraying the colored man as a lover of military orders and secret societies: *The Skidmore Guards*, *The Order of Full Moons*, *The Skids Are Out To-day*, etc., mostly written by an Irishman, Edward Harrigan. Finally we reach the coon songs of to-day, largely the product of the black man himself, and showing him at his worst, a chicken-thief, gambler, and disreputable character generally, as in *All Coons Look Alike to Me*, *Who Dat Say Chicken in Dis Crowd*, *A Hot Time in the Old Town To-Night*, *I Want Dem Presents Back*, *Mr. Johnson Turn Me Loose*, and a still growing catalogue of others. The next wave will bring a change and we can only wonder what it will be like.

Q. K.



ROMANCES OF THE SEA.

IS there any subject concerning which there is a strong demand for information, on which there has been written less that is true, less that gives the reader a real description of what he wants to know, than the sea?

In my humble opinion there is not. And why?

The reasons are manifold. In the first place very few of the writers of sea novels know much of the sea. One of the most successful of sea-writers enjoyed no greater nautical experience than a voyage from England to Portugal. Clark Russell, who may be considered as the most popular sea-writer of the age, enjoyed a sea-experience limited to a very few years. Those who follow the sea seldom acquire the art of writing. Those who give up the sea seldom enter literary life.

Then again there is the editor. The editor is supposed to know the taste of the public. As he knows little or nothing of the sea, he is not so much a judge of what is sea life as of what he thinks the public will enjoy. He stipulates for romance, and thus makes a necessity of the impossible damsel, who must be rescued by the equally impossible hero. No hero of a novel was ever subject to financial necessities. He finds himself on board of a ship purely as a matter of pleasure, and in a few weeks knows so much about it that he is able to give points to skippers, mates and seamen alike. In short the sea novel, as at present known, deals with thrilling impossibilities in a thrillingly impossible manner. And yet we are seeking for truth!

“And what is there in sea life” asks the skeptic, “that can interest the public? The old time marline-spike sailor has vanished. Sea life to-day is a dreary round of chipping iron-rust, scrubbing decks, cleaning paint work, and keeping look-outs.”

Very true, I reply, and life in general is a round of equally monotonous duties. Army life, which equals that of the sea for dreary monotony, has given the material for multitudes of excellent novels, and vivid stories, and there is no reason why the sea should not give us many a story of living interest. Perhaps the greatest bar to the success of the sea novel is the old adage that truth is stranger than fiction, and to bear this out we have the celebrated story of the old lady whose grandson went to Jamaica. On his return he told her that he had seen mountains of sugar and rivers of rum, both of which statements she accepted without question. But when he said that he had seen shoals of fishes flying in the air, she at once felt that he had given way to bad associations, and been led astray from the path of integrity.

HENRY C. LAHEE.

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The entertainment afforded by the Stoddard Series hardly needs to be emphasized here. It depicts the curious, the wonderful, the unique, illustrating important places of interest, showing life in all its civilized and uncivilized,

curious, phenomenal, normal and abnormal, natural and unnatural aspects, bringing into the drawing room and the library the habits, customs, peoples, scenes, incidents, of Thirty Countries—presenting these in a continuous panorama, thrilling with incident and reality, all served up in a magnificent style. Who could spend a dull evening, a lonely hour, a blue day with such a consummate magician?

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A good book ought certainly to have good binding. It will increase its primary worth ; it will perpetuate that worth. It will make the book worth more to the general public, to the library, to the *littérateur* and to the book connoisseur. Viewed as an investment it is really the most economical to have not only fine binding but durable binding. The decorative element in such binding is certainly very fascinating, while the durability of the same obviates the necessity and expense of repeated bindings.

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DUMAS *filz*, AND ÉMILE ZOLA.

Historically speaking, realism in literature is, of course, generally traced back to Rousseau, who in his *Confessions* furnished a suggestion and an example of the tremendous force that exists in naked truth; and the first application of this idea to fiction is to be found in the novels of Balzac, but in Balzac the realism is so much in abeyance, and overshadowed by the glowing and flaming and romantic imagination, that it is not as a realist that we value Balzac.

It is in Flaubert that we find the realistic theory for the first time exercised in fiction. And it is he who, by the influence of his personal associations, as well as by his published works, directed the early labors of Daudet, Zola, Gautier, Halévy, Dumas *filz*, and the de Goncourt brothers, who have been the leaders of the realistic movement.

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CONTENTMENT.

I'd rather be handsome than homely,
I'd rather be youthful than old ;
If I can't have a bushel of silver
I'll do with a barrel of gold.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

BOSTON, MASS.

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PRIZES FOR THOSE WHO KNOW.

AT the sale of the Pratt collection of books early in April Du Perier's "*Les Amours de Postion*", believed to be the first novel the scene of which is laid in North America, brought \$160; three years before the same volume was sold by auction and brought only \$6.75; Lewis Carroll's own copy of "*Through the Looking Glass*" was sold in April in London for £20; a few weeks before it had brought £14, 10s. For those that have their eyes open and know enough, wonderful bargains are all the time at hand. But book-collecting requires a wide knowledge and the dealers are growing more and more alert and competent, so that the chances for getting rarities for nothing are becoming less frequent. Haphazard book-buying is as disillusioning as dabbling in stocks. But books in perfect condition are pretty sure to enhance in value. Occasionally later editions are more valuable than the first. A keen and not too scrupulous collector went one day into a little second-hand book-shop and after glancing about picked up, apparently at random, three small books. He asked the dealer how much the three would cost him. The dealer scarcely looked at them but said "a quarter". When Mr. Bibliophile left the shop he threw away two of the books; they were merely stool-pigeons; the middle one was a copy of a second edition of a certain book and had the peculiarity common to all copies of that impression of having the autograph signature of the author and publisher and was worth at least a guinea. The collector took advantage of the dealer's ignorance to get a treasure for a trifle. It is a delicate question how far morally bound he was to enlighten ignorance, but it seemed rather tricky to hide his treasure between two worthless volumes. But it is

whispered that M. Gardilanne and his kind will stoop to almost any trick to secure what they must have.

There is no doubt that the interest in book-collecting is very rapidly increasing. For those that have not the means or the time to go into it, though they have the inclination, it is a comfort to think that collectors die and go to heaven and are unable to take their treasures with them. Moreover the monomaniac collector is unable to keep his collection; after he has had it awhile he gets as tired of it, as — according to Count Tolstoï — the average man gets of his wife, and is glad to dispose of it. So there are always auctions occurring. Time and patience and a decent bank account will accomplish wonders; but the time has gone by when a poor man, with time and patience and without a decent bank account can make much progress in collecting a library of rarities.



THE INSTINCT OF PUBLICITY.

PROBABLY among all the worlds that go speeding through space there may be one inhabited by beings devoid of the instinct of publicity.

As we here, on this little earth, are not content, knowing anything, to keep it to ourselves but must needs rush out and proclaim it from the house-tops, so there those silent, self-contained creatures keep their secrets secret. Thither go, after living their lives among men, the few that are naturally secretive. Such men are indeed rare. The average human being is subject to a sort of exosmosis, by which whatever he has within his mind must leak out. The gossiping instinct is intense. A man does a thing, sees a thing, hears a thing, and he must go and tell his neighbor and so it spreads. That is the origin of

literature. History is crystallized gossip. Biography is a still more direct form of it. The novel is a more or less thinly disguised statement of facts distorted in the telling. We may pretend not to like gossip; but we do, and any editor of a newspaper will have stories to tell of people sending items of "personal interest" about themselves or their families, and then when they have appeared pretending to be indignant at the invasion of their privacy!

It is not strange, therefore, that the world in general is avid to know all about the popular authors of the day. They amuse, they instruct, they provide pabulum for the insatiable appetite for gossip and why should they complain if this public, taught by them to devour, should want to devour them also! It is a perfectly legitimate item of edification — the fact that Elizabeth Toothaker Inkspiller writes with a quill pen and holds her paper on her knee when she writes, or that the exquisite lyrist Reginald Moody Milton composes his poems on a slate and requires the intoxication of three cigarettes to set the divine frenzy into action. Even the more intimate facts of a poet's relations to the other sex, if they help to enable us to read between the lines, are valuable. The story of the indiscretions of a Burns or a Byron makes much of the deeper sense of their songs intelligible.

Few are the authors great enough to be impersonal, and the loss that the world recognizes in knowing little about its classics makes it pardonable in its over-zeal in searching into the lives of those that are writing at the present time while it is not as yet too late. If we only knew what "burning Sappho" did to get her the reputation she has so many centuries enjoyed, when according to the latest accounts she was a reputable matron; if we only could fill in the ten unknown years of Shakespeare's life, if — and if — and if — what a boon it would be to the biographic

teacher of English literature! But now the omnipresent reporter goes about and visits the author in his or her house; every detail is put on record and the lives of even the most obscure poets are to be found written by sympathetic friends—sometimes from data furnished by the “very victims”—so that if ever by the reversing hand of Fate the obscure should come to be the famous, there would be no dearth of material for future biographers. This is a triumph of modern civilization. Even the phonograph treasures up the voices of the tenth magnitude stars that sing together at Authors’ Readings and we may bear the sing-song of the author of “Wrap my Baby in my Ulster!” Yet Wendell Phillips reiterated the dictum that there is nothing new under the sun!



BOOK CULTURE is fortunate this month of roses in having among its contributors Mr. J. T. Trowbridge who discourses charmingly on “A Poem of Victor Hugo’s;” Professor Arlo Bates, of the Institute of Technology, who writes of “The Sea and Its Literature” in a convincing way; Mr. Oscar Fay Adams tells of Miss Marriott and her Shakespearian labors; Mr. Fletcher Battershall of Albany begins a series of articles on “Book-binding as a Craft and an Art;” Mr. H. L. Koopman, Librarian of Brown University, kindly sends two glosses on Sir Walter Besant’s “The Pen and the Book;” and Mr. James Jeffrey Roche, the accomplished editor of *The Pilot*, expresses in four lines an idea of contentment which many readers will share. Other entertainment fills out the pages. Mr. William D. Howells, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and Mrs. Margaret Deland, have kindly consented to contribute to forthcoming numbers.

A POEM OF VICTOR HUGO'S.

SULTAN MOURAD is a "Legend of the Orient" of about three hundred lines, written with all the affluence of imagery and splendor of diction which characterize Hugo's copious verse, and justify his answer to the question of a friend,—“Who is the first poet of France?” “Alfred de Musset is the second.” Like the most of French narrative and dramatic poetry, it is written in Alexandrines, which often become monotonous in the pages of even the best classic writers, but to which the great leader of the romanticists gave a vigor and variety not excelled even by the latest and most brilliant of his followers in “Cyrano de Bergerac.”

In the poem, Sultan Mourad is represented as the most magnificent and the most sanguinary of despots. Rivers of blood flowed wherever he conquered, and he conquered everywhere. The cities he subjugated were like the carcasses of malefactors hung in chains. He made Athens the haunt of wolves, and left the bramble spreading its green mantle over the ruined walls of Tyre and Corinth. He caused his eight brothers to be strangled, delaying the execution only to enjoy the sight of the two youngest running about the chamber in wild terror, vainly seeking their mother. He himself passed through the crowds invited to a festival, his scimitar slashing right and left, and making the heads “fly off like birds.” He walled up in the embrasures of a sacked city twenty thousand captives, leaving openings that he might enjoy the sight of the despairing eyes glaring through.

Il était le faucheur, la terre était le pré.

“He was the reaper, and the earth his field.”

These are but samples of the many atrocities which the poet details with a powerful and unsparing pen. Then one day, at the height of his career of

crime and horror, Mourad was passing, alone and on foot, along a street of Bagdad, under the noonday sun, where houses and trees flung a narrow shadow-fringe on the carpet of blazing light; when he came upon a stuck pig, bleeding to death on the hot pavement. The hideousness of the spectacle, the gaping and gurgling wound, the flies swarming upon it, the steaming pool of blood flowing from it, and the mightiest emperor of the earth pausing to look down upon the accursed and impure beast, are dwelt upon in forty or fifty lines, such as only a master of grotesque and horrible description could conceive. The passers-by hurried away from the revolting spectacle, all except Mourad, who was left alone with the butchered porker.

Then for the first time in the terrible course of his life, an impulse of pity moved the mighty Mourad; with his foot he shoved the poor pig into the shadow, while the same hand whose sublime gesture scattered kings in flight, brushed away the tormenting flies from the wound. The dying animal opened his wild eyes for a moment, gave the sultan one ineffable look, and died.

Fortunately for the sultan, he, too, died that night, with the blossom of his one good deed crowning the black jungle of his innumerable crimes.

Then follows a sublime description of heaven, and of the desolated earth viewed from those tranquil heights; burnings, drownings, torments, the wringing of hands, the crucified, the slaughtered, the impaled, showing their wounds and clamoring to heaven,—

“Mourad! ’tis Mourad! justice, O great God!”

At this world-wide outcry, upborne on all the winds, strange thunders pealed, flamings shot athwart the faces of the angels, and the gates of hell reddened, the bolts of their own accord starting back in

wrath; while out of the nethermost abyss reached an enormous hand, ominously opening, and a voice repeated, "Justice!" from the gulfs of eternal retribution.

But suddenly, upheaved upon a cloud, appeared a disfigured, dreadful beast, frightful to behold,—a swine, lifting itself from the shadows, and turning up its bloody eyes in quest of Jehovah. Brought into the great light that shone about the eternal presence, it murmured,—

"Mercy! for he was merciful to me!"

Then—

"Le pourceau misérable et Dieu se regardèrent;"

which may safely be pronounced the most astoundingly grotesque line in all literature,—“The miserable pig and God eyed each other!”—the poet not even heeding Dogberry’s charge to “write God first.”

Thereupon out of the mists of unformed things advanced, self-moved, a stupendous balance, over and athwart the yawning hells and the half-opened heavens, and placed itself under the innumerable crowds of victims, swaying portentously, having in one scale the world, and the pig in the other.

The balance leaned to the pig!

The narrative then turns to a description of the tomb of the Sultan, all gold and diamonds within, and, above, its pinnacles clustered close as arrows in a quiver; the reawakening of the entombed Mourad, whose eye beholds the limitless ladder that leads the actions of men up to judgment, and who hears a mighty Voice.

The Voice tells of his unutterable wickednesses, and of the abyss over which he hung—the bottomless abyss of lost souls—when by a single good deed he redeemed the multitude of abominations that rendered his life accursed.

Un pourceau secouru pèse un monde opprimé.

"A succored pig outweighs a ravaged world!"

So Sultan Mourad is transfigured, the bat-like devil's wings that were sprouting from his shoulders become white angel's plumes, and he enters into bliss. The moral of which—if the poem has a moral—is as astonishingly grotesque as the theme.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.



A PARABLE:

Author, Publisher and Bookseller.

Two men, upon a barren strand,
Gazed seaward toward a fruitful land
Where plenty, rest and honor shone,
Which they would gladly make their own.
But plied no boat that passage grim,
Nor causey spanned. Who'd cross must swim.
Too sore the task for one, but two,
With mutual help, might struggle thro'.
To dare the plunge their loins they gird,
When suddenly appears a third,
Who cries: "Take me betwixt you, pray;
A guiding hand on each I'll lay;
So gain we sure the land we seek;
For I am strong where you are weak."
The pair consent. In plunge the three.
But, while they breast the middle sea,
Cheered by sweet odors wafted nigh,
The last bethinks: "Why should not I
Alone and undisturbed possess
This glorious prize?" With him no less
To deem than do. With hand of hate
He strangles each confiding mate;
So triumphs—no, alas for him,
He had forgot, he could not swim.

HARRY LYMAN KOOPMAN



SIR WALTER ON PUBLISHERS.

Beware of them that invite and lunch and with courtesies follow
you;

For they only mean to bite and crunch and finally swallow you.

HARRY LYMAN KOOPMAN.

THE SEA AND ITS LITERATURE.

THE romance of the sea, as a great piece of literature, is yet to be written. There is plenty of melodrama, such as it is; and a few books which approach the dignity of literature. Victor Hugo in "*Travailleurs de la Mer*" easily leads, and in English we have "*Tom Cringle's Log*," "*The Green Hand*," and one or two others; but to none of these is a place to be assigned in the front rank of literature. There are some exquisite small pieces, but on the grand scale no author has yet succeeded in doing justice to the breadth, the beauty, the splendors, the majesty, the mystery of the ocean. Alert, alive, awful as the Fates and alluring as the Graces, the sea waits still the genius who can interpret its fascination and imprison its charm in words.

The reason for this which is most obvious is not so much the immensity of the subject, great as must be the genius that could compass the expression of that; it is that the human interest of a nautical tale is necessarily confined to a space so limited. A vessel which is to the ocean but as a speck in space must be the theatre of action; and from this centre it is difficult so fully to diffuse the sympathy and interest of the reader through all sea and air that all becomes vital. The sea, moreover, so inevitably impresses men as having a personality that it is needful for the writer to supply it with motives adequate to its strength and greatness, to imagine for it emotions commensurate with its sublimity. Hugo produces his greatest effects by insisting upon the personality of the sea, yet covering all its passions and motives with mystery; but Hugo is so melodramatic that he gives on the whole the impression of treating in an undignified fashion that which is too great to be handled save with awe. The genius is yet to appear

who will deal with this great thing at once with ease and dignity.

The obstacles to be overcome are great, but they should not be insurmountable. The possibility of encounter, of disaster, of the struggle of human passions, are so great that all the material of human existence under strange conditions is at the service of the writer of the great sea-tale. The general lack of knowledge of the sea may be a hindrance; but against this is to be set the effect of the mystery and and perennial charm of the great deep. The ordinary writer of sea-stories falls inevitably into the error of confounding technical knowledge of shipping with the knowledge of the ocean; for page after page the lee scuppers are abaft the beam, the fore-t'-gallant-studdin'-sail holy-stoning the kedge anchors, or the mizzen yards are luffing and bearing away with gas-kets, or dead-reckoning, or doldrums, or flukechains, or some other interesting article of the nautical vocabulary, until the book becomes a mere exercise in marine conundrums. If an author is to write an effective sea-tale, it would, perhaps, be wise for him to begin by disembarassing his mind from all special nautical knowledge whatever. He might then be able to give a proper attention to matters not included in the province of "The Sailor's Kedge Anchor;" and arrive at results worth achieving.

It is, perhaps, only in poetry, however, that the great interpretation of the sea can ever be written. It is, perhaps, true also that this can never be written with the human interest chief. The deep must be treated as a great, pervading, even as a sentient entity, persistent, passionate with the passion of the gods, patient with the patience of the ages; a personality fate-dealing and fate-creating. The man who writes must be able to lift his conception above the trivial. The ocean of Hugo, for instance, is histrionic; it is

not fateful but melodramatic. The spirit of Egdon Heath as embodied by Hardy in "The Return of the Native" is more in the line of what might be done, only that of course the epic of the ocean must be conceived and carried out on lines far more broad and far more noble. When the poet has come who has done this he will have written a poem which will last as long as men and the sea endure.

ARLO BATES.



TO A FAIR SINGER.

ACKNOWLEDGING LILIES.

When they sought my view,
Quaint as from a picture olden,
Lilies fresh with dew,
Tall and straight and white and golden,
Thus I fancied you!
Yet I lacked you, fancy-winged,
Till, with fervor true,
In my soul I heard them singing.

AGNES LEE.



FINE BOOKBINDING: A NOTE ON ITS TECHNIQUE.

FINE bookbinding, I take it, needs no justification, though some there be who seem to think so, and mentally occupy the position of *le citoyen Mercier*, who, having found a well-bound book amid the ruck of revolution at once went home *pour casser le dos*—to break its back—so revolutionary was Mercier. To those of this mind, to love books for their covers is a minor but dangerous phase of imbecility, yet I believe that one who acknowledges the wisdom and pleasure of adorning his house, or hunting fair silver and porcelain for his dinner table, will not deem it greater folly to adorn

his books — possessions more spiritual, certainly, than the utensils of our material life. Indeed the charming craft of bookbinding is utilitarian in its foundation; it is æsthetic chiefly in its finer phases; a craft first and then an art, but certainly an art; for to bind, in our English usage, means, also, to decorate.

And here is the rub when we speak of well-bound books. A book is bound, doubtless, when its covering is completed, and what follows, the “finishing” or decoration, are beautifyings only, with which the simon pure utilitarian may easily dispense. And so, following the purpose of this note, we will postpone the *art* of bookbinding and here touch upon it as a craft. Moreover, it is true of bookbinding, as of all other so-termed useful arts, that some knowledge of its processes and technique is prerequisite to a true criticism of its æsthetic. For under all art of decoration lie the controlling lines of structure, whence must flow that fine fitness in embellishment which is the true soul of beauty.

But, to carry the same reasoning a step further; there is no fast set rule even in “forwarding” (as the mechanical process of putting a book into its covers is called); but the true forwarding in each instance will be determined by the book itself; its age, the thickness of its paper, its size, all these elements enter into and determine the proper forwarding.

As a first step the craftsman, having folded the sheets, if the book be new, or torn them apart, if it be old, proceeds to beat them with a heavy hammer or passes them between rollers, to compact, to flatten them, to attain that solidity which we shall recognize as a fine feature in the finished product. But if the book be old, with paper indented by the hand-presses, of the fifteenth century, it is perilous business to push this process beyond that golden mean which will

attain solidity with safety. And then again, with newly printed books, on whose pages the ink has barely hardened, there results often, in the hands of careless craftsmen, a reversed or looking-glass typography which was not intended.

What follows, the sewing, is of paramount importance. In use are two methods; sewing on bands sunk in the saw-cuts which are familiar to all who have studied the anatomy of dilapidated books; then the second method, the ideal method, called "flexible sewing," wherein the back is not sawed and the bands, genuine bands, not imitations, project beneath the leather. It was this sewing which Roger Payne described in his quaint bill to Lord Spencer for binding the Tragedies of *Æschylus* :

"Bound in the very best manner, sewed with strong Silk, every sheet round every band, not false bands; the back lined with Russia Leather, Cutt Exceeding Large."

Then there is a compromise method called "flexible not to show," which in my humble opinion has much to recommend it, for thereby is got that free opening to the quick with that staying open which marks fine forwarding, and thereby also may be had the open or spring back, which, though not the ideal practice by authority, yet preserves the finishing if the back is to be richly gilt. In flexible sewing, pure and simple, the back bends with the book and is concave when the latter opens. But in practice most books are sawed; they are sawed by the publisher when first issued in cloth cases, they are sawed again by the binder who covers them with leather, and, mayhap, in ages to come, when this cover has rotted into dust, sawed will they be again by some future binder, unless the wretched practice is forbidden by the connoisseur.

After sewing, the book is "rounded" and then

“backed”. The first determines the convexity of the back; the second forms the groove wherein the covers lie. Both are important; the “rounding” to the amateur, chiefly, for here is a question of taste. Shall the back be nearly flat or much convex? There is charm in the flat back, a quaintness and dignity which delights the eye. But here a danger lurks, and with repeated use the flat back may degenerate and become concave; which danger is indeed the sole *raison d'être* of rounding. Let it be said to the book-lover there is a golden mean.

At this stage the book is laced into its covers. Shall they be light or heavy; with flat or bevelled edges? These are matters to exercise the binder's and the owner's taste. There should result, certainly, some pleasant harmony between the binding and the written word within. Yet let it be pointed out that a slight bevel gives richness to the finished work.

And now we come to an historic battlefield soaked with the blood of many a precious volume and ghostly with the wails of bygone amateurs, a scene of struggle whence many cripples are still hobbling through auction rooms at depreciated prices, cropped and dejected though crowned with golden crowns. The veriest tyro knows the value of an uncut edge. Values are gauged by millimeters, while in the background lurks the binder with his plough, an assassin lusting to cut and gild, yea, to gild upon marble or marble upon gilding, or, mayhap, to gaufer with an elaborate design. One may have sympathy with both the champions, yet both are accountable for many follies. The binder's impulse makes for the beauties of his art. The amateur loves the fair margins virgin and deckled as the printer made them. Really it is too delicate a matter for me to judge of. However, a gilt top keeps out the dust and is not an unhappy compromise.

And now the book is ready for its covering. Shall it be half calf, full calf, full morocco, or the regal full crushed levant? Here let the amateur consult his purse—here is the parting of the ways, the first step toward a binding which may cost five hundred dollars, or toward one modest, useful, sound and not unlovely, at a very modest figure. At any rate when covered in one of the mentioned leathers your book is bound. Beyond question the leather par excellence, the leather for beauty, softness of touch, and above all for durability, is morocco, or that refinement of morocco—crushed levant. It is the binders' own leather, the leather of history and tradition, and generally, but not always, the leather of Grolier and of all great amateurs. If you love your book more than your money have full crushed levant. Calf cracks, and its joints crumble into dust, and the beautiful "tree" calf bears in its fair skin the acid seed of dissolution; but morocco endures, rich and gracious, after centuries.

There are many other points in forwarding upon which I would like to dwell: the head-bands which enrich the head and tail, the leather joint which makes for elegance and strength, the doublure, the richest form of internal elegance. And then the fly-leaves—how important! Shall they be silk or marbled paper, or is plain vellum in greater harmony with this particular book? Indeed there are matters of detail too numerous for me even to mention.

But, in conclusion, let me say, seriously, that the future of fine binding lies in a closer contact between the craftsman and the client, in a mutual planning and plotting between the two, leading to greater enthusiasm in both. Such was the situation when the craft put forth its finest flowers in the times of Grolier, Peiresc, Sir Kenelm Digby and De Thou.

Yet in spite of the historic triumphs of the craft

there is no question but that the modern binder in his forwarding is a better master of technique, achieving triumphs of manual skill before unequaled; however he may lack the superb invention and decorative insight which mark the masters dead and gone.

I have attempted merely to suggest some features of the well-bound book: the thing itself is beyond description. To understand it one must hold it in one's hand. Open its covers: they move on silken hinges. It has solidity combined with a gracious freedom in all its parts. It has a "feel" eloquent of its own excellence and which is indescribable in words.

FLETCHER BATTERSHALL.



THE "DAISY" AND THE "COWSLIP".

THERE is not the slightest probability that the children of the future will suffer from lack of books to read. Books for children increase and multiply at a terrible rate. We have the sentimental, the commonplace, the slangy and the absolutely silly in profusion, but the books which are known, and have gained a reputation as good books for children are few and far between.

While we cannot go back unreservedly to the books of ancient days and claim that only our forefathers understood writing for children, yet it is very doubtful whether we have improved upon them very remarkably.

Dr. Watts's Hymns, which for many years formed the intellectual food for the young, appear to us in these days as almost immoral, being built upon dogmas which are now thoroughly discredited. What could be more ridiculous than the line "Little birds in their nests agree." Any boy of ten knows that they don't do anything of the kind.

Mrs. Alexander's "Hymns for little children" is an immense improvement on Dr. Watts for the simple reason that her hymns are founded on real truths.

Two of the best books for children ever written were the "Daisy" and the "Cowslip," now regarded by most people as stiff and old-fashioned, but nevertheless giving forth a tone of uncompromising, right down truth and morality which invariably takes the infant mind. That mind is not fastidious about rhymes and cares but little if "Puss" and "Thus" are made to run in harness together, or if "Surprise" and "Noise," "Ready" and "Lady," "Soil'd" and "Child," "Mile" and "Toil" have poetic duties thrust upon them.

When we come to the story of Jacky, who drowned our poor cat Tib, and then told a lie about it, we are told, —

"His parents, being very sad
To find they had a boy so bad
To say what was not true,
Determined to correct him then;
And never was he known again
Such naughty things to do."

The word "Then" carries conviction with it. One can hear the smack, but the tension is relieved by the assurance that the punishment was beneficial.

Here is a poem which could be used to advantage in many families, —

"Good little boys should never say,
'I will', and 'Give me these';
O no! that never is the way,
But, 'Mother, if you please.'
And 'if you please', to sister Ann,
Good boys to say are ready
And 'Yes sir', to a gentleman,
And 'Yes ma'am', to a lady."

The "Daisy" and the "Cowslip," written at the beginning of the present century stand out from

among the books of their time just as "Alice's Adventures," "Shockheaded Peter," and the "Jungle Book" rise like giants from the oceans of poor stuff, upon which the intellects of children are being and have been fed.

HENRY C. LAHEE.



A BRIEF FOR SHAKESPEARE.

AT past fourscore one doesn't usually start forth into literary fields hitherto untrodden by us, especially those of Shakespearean controversy, but that is just what a vigorous Englishwoman is doing at present. Rather more than a year ago Miss Elizabeth Marriott, of Exeter in Devon, then a year or two past eighty, became so annoyed at certain recent efforts of Baconians to claim for Sir Francis the authorship of the Shakespearean plays that she set herself the task of exposing the absurdity of their attempts. In the summer of 1898 there accordingly appeared from the press of Eliot Stock in London, a pamphlet entitled "Bacon or Shakespeare: an Historical Enquiry," by E. Marriott. The little book attracted immediate attention and soon passed into a second and enlarged edition. English critics on every hand recognized it as a conclusive brief for the Shakespearean authorship, as also an example of close, keen reasoning. The ease and accuracy with which the facts were handled elicited warm commendation, nor did the humor and delicate satire escape notice. In this country, too, the book has attracted attention and so eminent a Shakespearean as Dr. Wm. J. Rolfe speaks of it in the *Boston Transcript* for May 6, 1899, as "dignified and scholarly as it is vigorous and convincing." In the same article he commends its perusal to all Shakespeareans who wish "for a sound, cultivated,

self-contained argument with which to meet the Baconians on their own ground."

Hitherto the book has not been easily attainable in this country, but a third edition, revised and enlarged, which is soon to be issued in London, will also be put upon the American market.

Miss Marriott and a younger sister, Miss Sophia Marriott, who is herself a woman of brilliant attainments, live in the The Close, at Exeter, in a picturesque residence of great antiquity, once belonging to a religious house. Miss Marriott has received of late many attentions from Shakespeareans and at present her time is much absorbed in study and correspondence with literary folk both in England and America. She bears the burden of her years very lightly, being far more active than many who are her juniors by a dozen years and those who have enjoyed the delightful hospitality of the Marriott home in The Close, beneath the shadow of Exeter Cathedral, invariably speak of the cultivated, scholarly women within it, with the warmest enthusiasm.

OSCAR FAY ADAMS.



NEXT to the pleasure of possessing books, there is hardly anything more pleasant than that of speaking of them and of communicating to others the innocent richness of thought we have acquired by cultivating literature.—*Nodier*.

Next to acquiring good friends, the best acquisition is that of good books.—*Colton*.

If I were to pray for a taste that would stand by me under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of cheerfulness and happiness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading.—*Herschel*.

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curious, phenomenal, normal and abnormal, natural and unnatural aspects, bringing into the drawing room and the library the habits, customs, peoples, scenes, incidents, of Thirty Countries—presenting these in a continuous panorama, thrilling with incident and reality, all served up in a magnificent style. Who could spend a dull evening, a lonely hour, a blue day with such a consummate magician?

To those of us who cannot go abroad, the series brings the world, as it were, to our fireside, and serves up the whole in the most delectable form. It is the greatest substitute for actual travel because it is the record of one of the greatest of travellers, who has been on an equivalent to ten times around the earth. Never before has a work of this character been produced so far reaching in its scope, so accurate, so full of actuality and so charming. And after one reads it one feels as if one had travelled the world over.

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Milton, the immortal blind poet, struck the key-note of the necessity of good book-binding when he wrote :

"As good almost kill a man as kill a good book."

The idea is this : if a book is good it ought to be kept ; if it is worth keeping at all it is worth keeping well. For there is a great deal in appearances.

Daniel Webster declared that the world is governed more by appearances than by realities.

Good binding does more than preserve the book. It makes it at once attractive. Often the first impression we receive makes a thing attractive or repulsive. First impressions are strong. The first glance at the face decides our opinion of the man ; the first few paragraphs of the story determines our opinion of the author.

Good binding is not necessarily a matter of price. Price is not the deciding element either way. It may be a matter of method. Style has a great deal to do with it.

The binding ought to be an index. Clothes reveal character. So does book-binding. Buffon made himself famous by showing to the world that "style is the man."

A good book ought certainly to have good binding. It will increase its primary worth ; it will perpetuate that worth. It will make the book worth more to the general public, to the library, to the *littérateur* and to the book connoisseur. Viewed as an investment it is really the most economical to have not only fine binding but durable binding. The decorative element in such binding is certainly very fascinating, while the durability of the same obviates the necessity and expense of repeated bindings.

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BY

WILLIAM WALTON

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hostile. In 1537 he was made treasurer for certain provinces of France and president of the commission for rebuilding the Grand Châtelet, the seat of the royal treasury of the incomes from the private domains of the King, and also the court where police offences and questions of feudal jurisdiction were decided. Two years later he took a very prominent part in practically founding the Collège de France, which, though it existed in an irregular and rudimentary way for 20 years before, was destined completely to transform the study of literature, science and art over all Europe as well as in France.

In Italy, Grolier met Benvenuto Cellini. Afterwards in 1544, the two had an amusing quarrel which Cellini describes in the ninth chapter of his memories. He says :

“Madame d’Étampes (Francis I.’s mistress) on learning how my affairs stood, was angrier with me than ever. ‘What!’ she exclaimed, ‘I govern the world, and this shabby fellow doesn’t care a fig for me!’ Then she threw off all disguise and determined to make short work of me. She chose for her tool a clever distiller who had supplied her with certain wonderful scented waters, hitherto unknown in France, for the preservation of the freshness of her complexion. This man initiated his Majesty into the secrets of the process of distillation, a thing which amused the King exceedingly, and, taking advantage of the latter’s good humor, he asked for the tennis-court I had in my château, as well as for some other little buildings which he claimed I made no use of. The good King, who knew where the blow aimed at me came from, kept silence. Thereupon, Madame d’Étampes had recourse to those means that women know so well how to make use of with men, and she manœuvred so skilfully that she easily gained her point. Catching Francis in one of those amorous moods to which he was so subject, she obtained all

she wanted. It was not long, then, before I saw the arrival of the distiller, and, with him, the treasurer Grolier. This French gentleman spoke Italian remarkably well and began his discourse in that language with a few jests. When he perceived I was not at all disposed to laugh, he said: 'In the name of the King, I put this man in possession of this tennis-court and the cottages thereunto appertaining.' 'Everything belongs to the King,' I answered, 'still you might have entered this château in a more becoming manner, for this intervention of lawyer folk would lead to the belief that this is a trumped-up dodge rather than a frank commission from our great King. I declare solemnly therefore that, before making my complaint to his Majesty, I shall defend myself, as he urged me to do the other day, and, if you do not bring a new order, signed by the King's own hand, I shall fling the man you have introduced here out of the window.' At these words the treasurer retired, uttering threats as he went out. I did the same on my side, but I went no further for the moment."

It may be mentioned that, after making the unhappy distiller's life a burden to him for some time, the valiant Benvenuto finally drove him forth *vi et armis*.

J. C. B.

(To be continued.)



PARIS OLD AND NEW.

THACKERAY, writing of Paris and the Parisians, said "What a paradise — the merriest people in the world." Probably no modern city in the world has undergone such transformations as Paris, and few cities have experienced as many disasters and apparently irreparable losses; and yet it continues to be pre-eminently the most magnificent and imposing in the world.

An adequate history of these changes and their causes, from the earliest date of Lutetia to the end of the nineteenth century, and especially a vivid and complete account of life, as it has been and is to-day in this splendor-loving and pleasure-seeking city, would be of inestimable value and of extraordinary interest. If all aspects were considered it would give accounts of the events which have made Paris famous—and infamous, from the time of the English possessions to the Revolution, from the Revolution to the present Dreyfus affair. For example, the siege of Paris, which ranks among the most remarkable occurrences in the annals of modern warfare, should be described with any hitherto generally unknown details, and an intelligent account of the causes, known to very few persons, which led to the disastrous Franco-Prussian war; would be invaluable.

Architecturally it should present a complete panorama of the city of Paris, from the times of the Romans to the end of the present century. Every building of note, whether interesting from the standpoint of association, or valuable as an example of architecture, or as evidence of antiquity or culture; and every feature of importance in the six hundred miles of streets, *quais*, bridges, etc., should be shown in the illustrations. For of course such a book should be illustrated, and very fully illustrated too.

Paris has long enjoyed the reputation of being the most cosmopolitan city in the world, for it is not only the political metropolis of France, but also the centre of the artistic, scientific, commercial, and industrial life of the nation. Here the artist, the student, the merchant, and the votary of pleasure, alike find the most abundant scope for their pursuits: all of these classes should discover in the work what would interest, instruct, and amuse. None of the many sciences and trades in which Paris excels should be overlooked; and the holiday visitor would learn that

the gaiety of the commonplace *Moulin Rouge*, *Jardin de Paris*, *Moulin de la Galette*, or of the *Casino de Paris*, is but mere hired show frivolity got up for his benefit, and is not at all the real thing. The life of the artistic, literary and scientific centre, described by one who had spent some time there, would be a valuable addition.

La Vie Souterraine, the life of dark places, of the dens teeming with poverty and with vice,—the whole *cauchemar macabre* of the '*Misérables*',—has not yet entirely disappeared, and a study of this life throughout the ages of the vagabond and the *cytherean* would be most interesting. Indeed, if the materials for the work were actually secured on the ground, such a work would at once merit the distinction of becoming not merely the *only*, but the *standard* work on Paris.

In short, our idea is that the ideal book on Paris would be, instead of a mere dry-as-dust compilation, a vivid cinematographic picture of the life of the *Élysée*, *salon*, *caserne*, *bourse*, *magazin*, *atelier*, *bal*, *cabaret*, *théâtre*, *halle*, *cercle*, and the like. *La vie de Bohème*, *du Quartier latin*, *des coulisses*, *du trottoir*, *de la haute galanterie* should also find its place.

THE work should contain chapters on the Gallo-Roman and pre-Mediæval periods; the Court, official, and upper classes, from the opening of the Middle ages to the present day; the life of the bourgeois and lower classes; National and Municipal Paris; religious, charitable, and educational institutions; operas and theatres; balls, salons, *five o'clocks*, and other social functions; public amusements, restaurants, etc.; the financial and commercial world, the artistic, literary and musical centre; national manufactures of Sèvres, Gobelins, etc.; the great musées of the Louvre, Luxembourg, Cluny, Galliera,

Janze, etc.; architectural and monumental Paris; life of the streets, parks and boulevards; cafés, fairs, open-air restaurants; *fiacres*, omnibuses, tramways, boats, and trains; the historical environs and the residential suburbs; the past and future International Expositions, and the great salons and the minor expositions.

That the issue of such a work would be *à propos*, desirable, and necessary, is so self-evident that no emphasis need be laid on these points. No adequate work on the subject now exists, and no other subject offers such possibilities of interest. R. B.



THE STODDARD LECTURES.*

FOR twenty years John L. Stoddard has been before the public as a lecturer and his success has been thoroughly deserved. In the preparation for this work he not only read many books but, what was more important, he also went to all parts of the world in order to see for himself what was best worth seeing. He travelled literally hundreds of thousands of miles and lived amid the scenes and peoples of foreign lands. He took with him his own photographer and personally selected the standpoint from which most of the views were taken. The multitude of delighted hearers who have viewed with enthusiasm these magnificent pictures will not think any praise too high for such artistic and realistic productions.

Mr. Stoddard has definitely retired from the platform but only to realize his life-purpose of putting into permanent form the work that has occupied him for so many years. His "Lectures" are now pub-

*John L. Stoddard's Lectures, illustrated and embellished with views of the world's famous places and people, being the identical discourses delivered during the past eighteen years under the title of the Stoddard Lectures. Complete in ten volumes. Balch Brothers Co., Publishers, 36 Bromfield Street, Boston.

lished in ten beautiful octavo volumes, containing about four thousand pages of text and not less than three thousand five hundred photogravure illustrations reproduced from his unrivalled collection of photographs. These are printed in the clearest and most satisfactory manner and in themselves offer a remarkable picture-gallery, embracing as they do a vast variety of subjects — mountains, fjords, glaciers, cañons and gorges, the famous streets of Paris, Berlin, London, St. Petersburg, beautiful buildings, churches, palaces and tombs, prisons, forts and ruins, portraits of distinguished persons of different lands, and typical representations of the manners and customs of multitudes of different nations. The mere catalogue of these illustrations is suggestive of the wide range of the author's observation. And the text, which of course is meant to be largely descriptive, is simple, direct, natural and vivid. During all the years of his public service he had of course abundant opportunity to see what best pleased and he never ceased to polish his sentences and bring them to the perfection at which he aimed. The vast audiences which he so richly entertained would find scarcely less pleasure in the lavish luxuriance of these garnered lectures. They would miss his ringing voice but the beautiful and often eloquent descriptions are here. There the pictures were magnified and thrown on a white background, but they lasted only an instant, melting away, they were kaleidoscopic in evanescence; here they are diminished but are permanently placed on exquisite calendered, hand-made paper and may be studied at leisure. The loss of size is more than made good.

There are thirty of these lectures, each averaging one hundred and twenty pages of text and with an equal number of engravings. There is scarcely a spot in the civilized world that is not covered by Mr. Stoddard's itinerary. The work is literally a fireside

tour around the world, with a genial companion to show what is best worth seeing. He covers art and literature and touches on history and manners. Such a library of travel is full of pleasure, as well as of educational benefit. Most persons are unable actually to travel, but much of the advantage of visiting foreign lands can be gained by the inspiration of such an enthusiastic and well-informed traveler as Mr. Stoddard. We have no hesitation therefore in recommending these volumes as worthy of a place in any library.



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THE Boston *Literary World*, gives the following excellent description of the term *édition de luxe*. It says, "An *édition de luxe* is an edition whose features are excellence of the highest grade in paper, typography, press-work, illustration, margin edges, binding and all other possible material and mechanical details, together with (generally) a limit of the number of copies printed, and a considerably enhanced price. When the book thus luxuriously made is intrinsically a book of value, the list of traits is full. Every book-lover should have at least one edition *de luxe* of his favorite author, his Shakespeare, his Bacon, his Boccaccio, his Plutarch, his Thackeray, his Emerson, his Longfellow, as the case may be; and then group around it as many other choice examples of the book-maker's art as his purse will allow and his shelves make room for. Editions *de luxe* are the wise and witty of the literary world, the gifted and the learned, in evening dress; and though evening dress is not exactly suited to work in, there is a comfort in seeing it and being in it after all."

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As an example of the intimacy of the character of these memoirs, it may be remarked that the authoress of one of the volumes, Madame du Hausset, *femme de chambre* to Madame de Pompadour, states in her preface that *La Pompadour* and Louis took no more notice of her presence in a room than if she were a cat or a dog. And Madame du Hausset shows her appreciation of this lack of reserve in the candor and *naïveté* with which she has written this account of their every-day life.

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NATHAN HASKELL DOLE, Editor.

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WRITTEN ON A LIBRARY WALL.

When faltering fingers bid me cease to write,
And, laying down the pen, I seek the Night,
May those, to whom the Daylight still is sweet,
With loving lips my name oft-times repeat.
And should Belshazzar's spirit hither stray,
And linger o'er the lines I write to-day,
May he, who wept for Babylonia's fall,
Look kindly at *this* "writing on the wall!"

ARTHUR MACY.

BOSTON, MASS.

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TRAVELLING LIBRARIES.

IN the old days books bound in heavy boards, leather covered and secured with massive wrought-iron clasps, were fastened with strong chains to reading desks in libraries or cathedrals. The idea of lending books had not yet occurred to benevolent people. If a man wanted to read he would have to go to the book, and ample provision was made that he did not put it into his pocket and go off with it. The propensity of learned men to appropriate as their own whatever books they can lay their hands on was early recognized and guarded against.

But now-a-days with the vast increase in the number of printed volumes and their comparative inexpensiveness, the tendency is to make it as easy as possible for everyone to obtain them. The great public libraries have a dozen copies of the most popular works, and special privileges are accorded to persons properly accredited so that they may take to their homes several books at once or keep them a longer time than usual.

An extension of this facility is accorded by what is called the Travelling Library. For instance, "The New England Travelling Library" which has only recently been established with an efficient management and an excellent board of directors, has had a well-selected collection of books of travel, stories for children, history, fiction, biography, literature, poetry and miscellaneous reading, together with a free reading-room at the little Massachusetts village of Indian Brook. After it stayed there for a time it was sent on to Manomet and thence to Maine. At Indian Brook a class in Natural History was established, and specimens were collected by the young people, particularly the boys of the neighborhood.

The stimulus afforded by such an institution coming into a community can hardly be over-estimated. Boys and girls, with little to bring light into their lives, have suddenly set before them a whole world of inspiring and noble thoughts, and the broadening influences once begun must spread.

The chance for easily-exerted public spirit thus afforded is not to be disregarded. There are multitudes of well-to-do families which have books resting and, as it were, rusting on their shelves, — novels put away with probably no chance of being taken down again, — stories for children which children have outgrown, volumes of poetry, travel and history which stay untouched for years at a time, and it seems a pity that such books cannot be put into circulation.

Now if the thousands of readers, under whose eyes these lines may fall, will each send one book or more to Miss EMMA A. KALBFLEISCH of Bridgeport, Conn., she will see to it that they are added to the possessions of the Travelling Literary Association, of which she is the Secretary. These books need not be new. The donors may have perfect confidence that the small trouble entailed will be repaid a thousand fold in the pleasure conferred on the never-too-joyous lives of people living in hamlets remote from the centres where such treasures are so cheap as to be only scorned.

It may be added that this idea of travelling libraries is not new. The American Seaman's Friend Society began in 1858 to lend cases of books to outgoing ships. At the present time, it is said, that there are over ten thousand of these cases aggregating over half a million volumes in various languages in circulation. They have proved of unestimable benefit to sailors all over the world. So the inland travelling library scheme gives the promise of equal beneficence.

COUNTRY LIBRARIES.

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE has set a magnificent example of beneficence by founding libraries in many towns of his nation, Scotland as well, in his adopted land where his fortune was established. The same form of public spirit has been shown by many others who are favored with a superfluity of "this world's goods," and recognize that wealth is a trust.

A Boston man, who accumulated a large property and invested a part of it in a Western coal-mine, built a school-house and founded a library for the benefit of the miners. In many a little town throughout New England stands a substantial building erected by some man who either spent his boyhood there and wished to do something for his native place, or who having chosen it for a summer residence felt a duty to his fellow townsmen. Again pretty memorial libraries have been built like that at Ogunquit, Maine, which Mrs. CONARROE gave the village in honor of her husband, a Philadelphia gentleman, who was one of the first to select that beautiful village for a seashore home. Thus Mr. ALLEN FLETCHER is just presenting the town of Ludlow, Vermont, with a fine library to hold 20,000 volumes, of which he gives the first ten thousand, in honor of his father who made a large fortune in Indianapolis.

Summer residents often join together and by series of entertainments and other methods take the first steps toward giving some benighted little village a respectable collection of books. Thus the pretty library at Bar Harbor was begun; a similar beginning has been made at Orr's Island, made famous by Mrs. STOWE's novel, and now becoming a popular and populous resort for people from all over the country.

In one little Maine village the town library was kept for many years in a harness-shop and the books selected each year to be added, the available funds being small, were remarkably catholic in taste, owing to the exceptional culture of the committee of three ladies who had the matter in charge.

Here is a great chance for intelligent charity in these days when a comparatively small sum of money will buy a good library well bound and well printed. Such libraries are a splendid supplement to the American school system. They spread light and idealism through communities too prone to be contented with gross and the material.

What can be done in a small place is well illustrated by the success obtained by Mr. ELBERT HUBBARD, in East Aurora, New York. He established a printing press and bindery in which he enlisted the service of the young men and women of the town, who hitherto had been fond of loafing and running riot. They got interested in the work and made the Roycroft press a model of its kind. Mr. HUBBARD found a blacksmith discouraged from lack of work. He started him to making wrought iron andirons of solid and yet artistic pattern. These became sought after and the blacksmith was obliged to hire assistance. He engaged a carpenter to make fine solid oak chairs of a simple yet artistic style. This carpenter has now all the work he needs. East Aurora has become a model town from this enterprise so philosophically and unostentatiously begun.

There are dozens of towns and villages throughout the United States where a little coöperation and wise supervision, such as the minister or the doctor might give, would result in village improvement societies, libraries and lyceums. It is amazing that these undertakings are not oftener set on foot. But the time will come when every village will have its public

library, either permanent or temporary, as surely as it has its little red schoolhouse.



BOOK CULTURE presents this month to its readers an interesting bit of bibliographical information regarding a copy of the first edition of Fitzgerald's paraphrase of the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám contributed by Colonel THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. Miss MARY E. WILKINS furnishes a pastel or poem in prose. FATHER DOLLARD of Toronto, whose verse is attracting wide attention, has written for BOOK CULTURE one of his ringing ballads, which have all of the fire and go of KIP-LING'S, with a firmer poetic touch. Mr. FLETCHER BATTERSHALL of Albany contributes a second paper on Bookbinding. Mr. JAMES A. CLARKSON describes the famous Book of Kells. Other articles in verse and prose go to make up an exceptionally interesting and valuable number.



OF WM. S. HIS BOOK.

How often, with the moment at a height
 Of bafflement and effort too forlorn,
 And my own spirit closed with bitter scorn —
 That traitor to the siege — in lonely fight,
 I have reached up to grasp one sure delight
 In needy hands, — this Book, all human worn,
 And felt the sun of some To-morrow-morn
 Fold my poor Present in its far, warm sight!

Ah, best and surest, yet I do not need
 To turn a leaf before that cordial glows
 Through my discouraged veins, to bid me wake.
 Too childish weary though I be, to read,
 Just as a wayworn soul may say "*God knows*,"
 I lean my cheek hereon, for comfort's sake.

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY.

A FIRST COPY OF FITZGERALD'S OMAR.

THERE lately passed through my hands an extremely interesting book, on its way to that remarkable library now being formed by the well-known collector, Mr. DeWitt Miller of Philadelphia, who is finding time in the intervals of lecturing expeditions to bring together many individually interesting copies of books.

It will be remembered that the late Mr. Levi Lincoln Thaxter did more than anyone else to introduce Fitzgerald's Omar Khayyám into the United States; and among those who shared his interest was his friend, Mr. James G. Clarke, who was, like him, a member of the Harvard class of 1844. Mr. Clarke, when travelling in the West Indies, once found himself in an open boat with an Englishman who was a stranger to him. Some peril occurred and the Englishman said meditatively "*He* knows about it all." Mr. Clarke said "That sounds like Omar Khayyám." "Do you know Omar Khayyám?" said the other in great surprise. This was soon after the time of the publication of the third edition (1872) and before Omar became known to the world generally. The Englishman turned out to be a friend of Fitzgerald's and, after Mr. Clarke had told him of Thaxter's ardent advocacy of the book, the Englishman told Fitzgerald of it, who sent Thaxter a copy of each of the first two editions, both now very rare.

This first edition (1859) doubtless came to Thaxter in its original pamphlet form, which, as we know, was published at five shillings and was finally sold off, as Mr. Swinburne assures us, at a penny. The volume contains no inscription by Fitzgerald, but there is a correction in red ink, probably by the translator himself, of a single typographical error. Thaxter afterwards had it bound in white vellum, with the Persian

title in gilt letters on the cover, and this is the copy now in possession of Mr. Miller.

Thaxter himself imported for his friends many copies of the third edition and prepared for me (January, 1877) one of these in which he had laboriously written, doubtless from the copies given him by Fitzgerald, all the various readings of the two earliest ones. This book I still possess. The variant phrases from the first edition are in blue ink, of the second in black; and it is a work of patient industry worthy of that true friend and most loyal man. He himself always preferred the second edition, thinking that Fitzgerald had fidgetted over his own work a little too much when it came to the third; an impression in which I agree with him.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

Cambridge, May 25, 1899.



THE LOST BOOK.

THERE was once a man who lost a Book, and thereupon all his importance in the world was at an end. The volume had been compiled by his ancestors, and it was full of rare and strange wisdom: the result of all the varied experience of his race, the perfect lesson learned from all their woes and joys and labors on the face of the earth.

When the man knew that his Book was lost, he realized that he himself might as well have vanished from sight, for all the use he would thereafter be in his day and generation. None of his blood were men of creative, but rather of receptive minds. All their power of knowledge whereby they were enabled to accomplish great results, was the outcome of patient gleaning and interweaving of small ends

of experience. This Book of the garnered wisdom of his ancestors had been a veritable lamp unto his feet; without it he must evermore grope in the dark.

When the man first knew that his Book was gone from the sacred hiding place in which he had always kept it, he exhausted himself with vain searchings. He knew not how it could have been lost, for no mortal except himself had known where it was concealed. The man searched day and night in vain, and at last settled himself patiently into his estate of foolishness and error. His neighbors expected nothing more of him, and he expected nothing of himself. Continually he met the wall with painful shocks by reason of wrong turnings, continually his very soul was jolted by sudden lacks and heights of steps.

So the man lived and died, and all his road of life was a network of missteps and stumbles, and he gained no esteem from his neighbors or himself. Every one said: "If the Book had not been lost, he might have made something of his life." And he said, when he came to die: "If only I had not lost the Book, I might have known how to live."

But after the man was dead, and laid away in his tomb, the door thereof closed, and the willow branches sprung back over it, and the violets blooming on the sods of the roof, some one passing late at night by the house where he had dwelt, saw a bright light in a window, and wondered because nobody was living therein. Then he called another neighbor, and together they entered, and behold, the lost Book lay on the dead man's table, and upon the open page was painted, as with colors of flame and light, the passing and the stumbling and the faltering of the dead man along his road of life, and the shining of the picture was greater than all the written wisdom of the Book.

MARY E. WILKINS.

GOLD TOOLING:

THE RENAISSANCE IN ITALY.

WHAT man loves he beautifies,—the instinct is inevitable, as native to the Savage as to the Connoisseur. There is nothing surprising, therefore, in the decoration of books. It would have been strange, on the contrary, if man, glorifying all the products of his hand and brain, should have left the corporeal substance which clothes his thought, without grace or beauty. Some there have been, indeed, men of taste, who have thought it necessary to justify their instinct; such was Pieresc, who, being asked why he should be at such great charge in bookbinding, answered that “inasmuch as the best Books, when they fell into unlearned mens’ hands ill accoutred, were pitifully used; he therefore endeavored that they might be prized at least for the beauty of their binding, and so escape the danger of the Tobacconist and Grocer.” The excuse was not needed; an excuse, truly, at the best. Pieresc was only following a gracious instinct common to all men. Exterior decoration dates even with the earliest written records. The papyrus scrolls which Horace wrote reposed in cases rich with ivory and plates of gold. So aforetime it was and so continued, till St. Jerome laments that volumes should be clothed in jewels while the poor went naked.

But let us leave the age of manuscripts when gold, carved ivories and gems were none too fine a dress for precious missals, to begin with true bookbinding in the modern sense, at the period when leather, the fit material for clothing books, was first united to the fittest mode of decoration,—gold tooling. Leather and gold tooling: the first calls for the latter. The fine intelligence of the Renaissance

made the application, founding a true convention in book decoration which remains unto this day.

The first gold tooling was done in Venice. Previously in the fourteenth and early fifteenth centuries, both in Italy and England, leather had been found to be the true material for covering; and in both these countries "blind" tooling had been used therewith, tooling without gold, executed with wood or iron instruments. Indeed there are examples of such use not later than the tenth century. By the middle of the sixteenth century gold tooling was introduced; and, in a period of twenty-five years, about the time of Aldus Manutius, became common throughout Italy, spread indeed throughout Europe. As early as 1542 we read in a bill of Thomas Berthelet, binder to Henry VIII. of "a Psalter englisshe and latyne, bounde back to back in white leather, gorgeously gilted on the leather."; and this the binder calls "after the facion of Venice." In Venice, in truth, the art had its birth; but if we hark further back we will find, perhaps, the source of the innovation in the style of those who practiced it. The tools of these early workmen were Arabic in character; and doubtless the art came from the Levant, with which the Venetians kept up continuous traffic.

One will see in this Italian tooling inevitable and recurring styles; Saracenic and Arabic beyond all question. Look over any collection of these early bindings, or study them in any of the illustrated treatises; you will see ever recurring the same design of running circles interlaced, the same rope pattern so characteristic of Saracenic art, and which is similar, so strangely similar, to the interlacing patterns on early Celtic monuments.

The excellence of this Italian work does not receive, it would seem, the full attention it deserves. Of course, we hear everywhere of Grolier, and, as

all know, his early books were the handiwork of Italian artists. But the Italian work to which I refer is that which preceded, or was contemporaneous with this great collector. Grolier, a Frenchman, was the channel through which the Italian art poured into France. Of him later; but let it here be said that his own individuality is stamped beyond mistake on all the work executed for this prince of connoisseurs. Yet note that at the same time there flourished a style more native and Italianate. A characteristic example will be found in the Commentaries of Cæsar, printed by Giunta, and now in the British Museum. This style is far from Grolieresque; and it is characteristic of a class widespread in Italy at that day. It has beauty, dignity and a charm untiring which are not found so unalloyed in the more gorgeous and flowing triumphs of the great French craftsmen. The Italian of the Renaissance accomplished beauty with few and rigid elements. He worked simply, his tools are obvious, so to speak; and he obtained this dignified and surpassing grace not in his tools themselves, but in his placing of them. The theme is simple—a panel merely—but with a fine eye for true proportion and the just measure between decoration and unembellished surface, more sensitive to mass than detail, he achieved triumphs of proportion which have never been surpassed. This was the native Italian genius, proportion—architectonic is the word some critics use—and where this quality, call it what you will, is found, will be found also the finest sentiment of form wedded to the finest sense of fitness.

There are two limitations under which every artist works,—his tools and the material; and in gold tooling far more than in other graphic arts is the tool a limitation. The tool is the fibre of the design, and, though a seeming paradox, the more elemental the tool, the greater the artistic freedom. The study of

style becomes inseparable from a study of the tool,—the *piccoli ferri*. The first tools, Saracenic in character, foliage conventionalized beyond all recognition, were made with solid faces. The result was heaviness, broad surfaces of gold without the contrasts of light and shade which lighter tools make possible; though, in truth, the early Italian craftsmen obtained this gracious relief by fine contrast of tooling gold and blind. It was an advance, however, when tools were “azured,”—the face made of horizontal lines as azure is shown in heraldry. Then followed tools in outline merely; and with these three, with tools solid, azured, outlined, the later Italian artists accomplished those marvellous books of Maioli and Grolier.

Thus far the advance was wholly on Italian soil; but with the return of Grolier to his native country the seed was sown in France, which, thenceforward, to our own day perhaps, became the land par excellence of binding. “*La relieure est un art tout Français*,” says Mr. Thoinan. True, perhaps, but let us not forget that in the art of binding as in other arts, the first vivifying impulse and first joyous cry of the renascent soul of man arose in Italy; then remembering this and studying these earlier Italian bindings it may be that we will come to realize that in the art of binding, as in other arts, the first fruits were the best.

FLETCHER BATTERSHALL.



THE FAIRY-STOLEN.

AN IRISH BALLAD.

Mother dear, my mother, they have stolen me away,
And I miss you, mother darling, all the live-long day;
When the dreamy sun is shining, and the fleecy clouds sail by,
You are weeping for me, mother, and I hear your bitter cry.

I wandered by the fairy *Rath*, I wandered all alone.
 I played, nor thought of danger, by the haunted Ogam Stone
 Till fairies from Knocsheela came and carried me away
 Where they live within the mountain in their palaces of clay.

Mother dear, oh mother, they have crowned me Fairy Queen,
 They have robed me in a vesture of the sunset's wondrous sheen,
 They have dowered me with treasure that their fairy castles
 hold,
 But more precious to me, mother, your sweet kiss than shining
 gold.

When the sun is on the mountain, and the cloud-shades come
 and go,
 And drowsy brooklets downward 'neath the nodding hazels flow,
 When the bee is in the fox-glove, and in covert hides the hare,
 Oh, look upon the mountain then, for mother I am there.

But when dim night has fallen and the mystic moonlight comes,
 And darkly on the valley's breast yon grey-walled castle looms,
 Oh then along the river's banks we're skipping near and far,
 Till dawn with spears of silver drives away the Morning Star.

'Twas yesternight, oh mother, that we passed the cottage by.
 Ah, my famished heart beat eagerly to know that you were nigh.
 I saw the tears you shed for me, I heard your troubled prayer,
 But the fairy throng bore swift along;—I could not linger there.

Mother dear, my mother, I am dying day by day,
 They may hold my lifeless body, but my spirit will not stay,
 It will seek you, mother darling, thro' the sunshine or the rain,
 And the Fairies of the mountain cannot steal your child again.

JAMES B. DOLLARD.

Toronto, Canada.

"Sliav-na-mon"



THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BOOK IN THE WORLD.

ACCORDING to the distinguished English archæologist, Dr. Westwood, the Book of Kells, now in the library of the Dublin University "is the most beautiful book in the world." He is not alone in his opinion. Not only poetical historians, like Henri Martin, but grave scholars like Wyatt, Waagen, Keller, Zimmer, and others,

grow almost lyrical when describing this marvel of art. "In delicacy of handling, and minute but faultless execution, the whole range of palæography offers nothing comparable to these early Irish manuscripts, and the most marvellous of all is the Book of Kells, some of the ornaments of which I attempted to copy, but broke down in despair, says Mr. Digby Wyatt." Waagen tells us that "the ornamental pages, borders and initial letters exhibit such a rich variety of beautiful and peculiar designs, so admirable a taste in the arrangement of the colors, and such uncommon perfection and finish, that one is absolutely lost in amazement."

The Book of Kells is an illuminated manuscript of the Four Gospels in Latin. It contains also prefaces, explanations of the meaning of Hebrew names, summaries, and the tables of the Eusebian Canon.

It was formerly believed to have been composed by St. Columba, in the second half of the sixth century. Conservative archæologists are pretty generally agreed at present that it was produced during the second half of the seventh. It cannot well be later; the saints in it are represented with the Celtic tonsure, which consisted in shaving the front of the head from ear to ear. As the Roman tonsure, which is entirely different, was universally accepted by the Irish Church several years before the close of the century, it seems a natural conclusion that these saints would have had the Roman tonsure, if the manuscript had been composed after the year 700.

The real manuscript of St. Columba, or what is left of it, is in the library of the Irish Academy. It has a somewhat curious interest in connection with an incident which may be regarded as the first attempted enforcement of a law of copyright. We are told in an Irish manuscript of the eleventh century, published by Windische, that Columba requested per-

mission of Bishop Molaise to copy the Gospels of St. Finnan, which had been lately placed in the Episcopal Cathedral. Meeting with a churlish refusal, he stole into the church night after night, until he had the whole copied. When Molaise learned the trick that had been played on him, he fell into a terrible rage, demanded the copy, and, on Columba's refusal, appealed to King Diarmuid, then in residence in Tara. After hearing both parties, Diarmuid sought for precedents in all the libraries of Erin, but there never before had been a case in which the rights of an author or transcriber in his work were involved. However, there had been any number of cases dealing with the ownership of cattle, and on these was the King's judgment based. "The calf," he said, "belongs to the owner of the cow, and the little book to the owner of the big book." *Le cah boin a boineen agus le cah lebar a lebraun*; literally: To each cow her little cow and to each book her little book. As to the terrible calamities that followed the enforcement of this novel and unjust copyright law, are they not written in the chronicles of the wars of the Gael?

The text of the Book of Kells is written in the noble semi-uncial characters adopted by all the Irish scribes of the period, but it is the illustrations, borders, initial letters, etc., that render it a perfect treasure-house of artistic wealth. No wonder Giraldus Cambrensis, who was sent by Henry II, on an embassy to Ireland in 1185, should have insisted that it could have been written only by angels. Fancy what seems a mere colored dot to the naked eye becoming, under the power of the microscope, a conventional bunch of foliage with a conventional bird among the branches! In speaking of the minuteness and almost miraculous correctness of the drawing, Professor Westwood mentions that, with the aid of a powerful

lens, he counted within the space of one inch, one hundred and fifty-eight interlacements of bands or ribands, each riband composed of a strip of white, bordered on each side by a black strip!

“No words,” says Dr. Middleton, professor of Fine Arts in Cambridge University, in his admirable work on *Illuminated Manuscripts*, “can describe the intricate delicacy of the ornamentation of this book, lavishly decorated as it is with all the different varieties of ingeniously intricate patterns formed by interlaced and knotted lines of color, plaited in and out, with such complicated interlacement that one cannot look at the page without astonishment at the combined taste, patience, unfaltering certainty of touch and imaginative ingenuity of the artist. With regard to the intricate interlaced ornaments in which (with the aid of a lens) each line can be followed out in its windings and never found to break off or lead to an impossible loop of knotting, it is evident that the artist must have enjoyed not only an æsthetic pleasure in the invention of his pattern, but must also have had a distinct intellectual enjoyment of his work, such as a skillful mathematician feels in the working out of a complicated mathematical problem.”

It would be impossible, in our limited space, to enter on an analysis of the different classes of ornament in this, the most wonderful example of human workmanship the world has ever produced. One of the most noteworthy is formed by bands or diapers of steplike lines surrounding minute spaces of entrancingly brilliant color, a sort of cloisonné inlay suggested evidently by the inlay with bits of transparent carbuncle employed by the Irish jewellers in gold jewelry. Another prominent feature is the use of spirals imitated from the application of gold wire to flat surfaces. It may be as well to state that the scribes of the Irish manuscripts were evidently much

indebted to the goldsmith's art, which, judging by the specimens that have come down to us, now in the museum of the Royal Irish Academy, must have attained an unapproachable delicacy and beauty in Ireland during the first centuries of the Christian era.

In his *Bilder und Schriftzüge in den Irischen Manuscripten*, Dr. Keller considers the spirals the most difficult part of the patterns. "They are," he says, "real masterpieces, which furnish magnificent evidence of the extraordinary firmness of hand of the artist." The beautiful trumpet pattern, of which so much has been written, is the expansion of the spiral into something in the form of a trumpet.

The Dublin University has a priceless collection of manuscripts dating from the sixth to the fourteenth century. One of them, the Book of Durrow—a century older than the Book of Kells—is but little inferior to it in beauty.

Some years ago, a Dublin publishing house issued a series of photographic reproductions of the principal pages and most striking initials, under the title "Celtic Ornaments from the Book of Kells," a copy of which is in the Boston Public Library. But it was found utterly impossible to reproduce, by any mechanical process, the colors, which are as fresh and brilliant to-day as when the artist laid them on twelve hundred years ago. Consequently the work, though interesting, is but a pale, almost ghostly, reflection of the splendid manuscript that is a living witness to the civilization and culture of the century which gave it birth.

JAMES A. CLARKSON.



"Employ your time in improving yourself by other men's writings; so you shall come easily by what others have labored so hard to obtain."

SOCRATES.

LITERATURE OF THE OPERA.

THE declaration was recently made by a well-known writer that "Opera is the highest form of musical art, and nothing has been, throughout history, so civilizing a force as music." While this statement is undeniable, it does not fully express the truth. To music, to the opera, we are more largely indebted, for we cannot fail to recognize in it the power that lifts us from nature into nature's God, that smooths out the wrinkles of our cares, that nourishes our hopes, stimulates our best ambitions, and reconciles us to bear the ills we have, by filling our enraptured minds with blissful anticipations.

So generally understood are the beneficent influences of music that in several countries of Europe the opera is made a state institution, supported as are our public schools, or by subventions, and in England a movement has of late been started to found a national opera to be subsidized by the government, and this already has a glorious promise of success. In a little while, no doubt, a similar ambition will possess Americans, and the outcome will be that we shall have opera that all classes may enjoy; when this opportunity is finally afforded, our progress towards the loftiest ideals of civilization will receive a powerful impetus.

While giving to music the credit to which it is entitled for the influence that harmony exerts, it is most essential, to the fullest appreciation of opera, that the libretto be not disregarded. Indeed the literature of the opera is scarcely secondary to the score, and we have no less authority than Wagner for our assertion that "The words are as important as the music;" that, in fact, "the text is the first consideration."

If this be true in Germany, where opera is sung to understanding ears, how much more so is it in America, where we have opera in Italian, French and German, but very rarely in the English.

The libretto is helpful, of course, but what is most urgently needed is a complete literature of at least the really great operas, a publication that gives fullest descriptive text devoted to the legends upon which the operas are founded and the story in detail, so that the reader may obtain therefrom a thorough understanding of the plot, a comprehension of the motives, and an acquaintance with the characters of the drama.

To this information should be added proper references to the special features theatric and lyric, in order that the reader may be perfectly equipped to enjoy the opera as an intellectual feast, as well as a charming pastime. Possessed of such knowledge, it is possible for the auditor to appreciate an opera sung in a foreign tongue quite as much as if every word uttered from the stage were clearly intelligible.

There have been books issued which purport to give the story of the best operas, but as far as my examination extends, the descriptions in all such publications are too brief to be of much service, while the literature and basic principles of the operas are wholly neglected.

Illustrations, too, which afford the necessary objective information of costume, architecture, scenery, and conception, are an indispensable aid to a proper understanding of opera, and no book that describes the stories can be considered as fulfilling the present urgent requirements of opera patrons if the text is not thus illuminated.

Why has this inviting field been so long neglected?

J. W. BUEL, Ph. D.

FAIR BIBLIOPHILES NO. 2.

DIANE DE POITIERS.

THOUGH, from one point of view, the career of the fair and frail Diane was deplorable, much must be forgiven to a *chassereuse de bouquins*, who followed up the chase with such spirit and enthusiasm that she almost deserves the title of a bibliomaniac, especially as she was, certainly, not one of those "yellow bibliomaniacs whose skins," in the words of a malignant satirist, "do take the color of their food." What genuine bibliophile, besides, would be so ungrateful as to cast a stone at the moral reputation of a beautiful lady whose book-collecting reputation stands so high?

The book-madness of Diane came to her by inheritance. Her father, the Comte de Saint-Vallier, had a passion for magnificent Italian bindings, and his *Roman de Perceforset*, in the collection of the late Duke of Aumale, has such an exquisitely "pleasant coverture," that, during the uncritical period of book-hunting, it was attributed to Grolier. And, by the way, it may be as well to state that all the romantic legends surrounding the early youth of Diane, which grave historians formerly reëchoed, have been entirely disproved by later investigations, and time has at length done her full justice. She did *not* sacrifice her honor to Francis I when she was barely sixteen in order to save her father's life, *pace* the grandiose Victor Hugo, who travesties in *Le Roi S'amuse* as audaciously and cheerfully as he does in his other dramas. She was twenty-four years old when the Count's trial began in 1523, had been married to the Grand Seneschal of Normandy nine years before, and there is nothing to show she was not a faithful wife up to his death in 1531. As soon as she became a widow, she adopted white and black

as the colors of her mourning and wore them during the rest of her life. To symbolize the eternal nature of her sorrow, she took for device an arrow surrounded with laurel branches and issuing from a tomb, with the inscription: *Sola vivit in illo*, implying, no doubt, that the disconsolate widow, though, to outward seeming, leading a rather frisky life in the world, was really living in the tomb of her defunct one all the time.

When, however, her relations with Henry, a little later, assumed, even in the eyes of the most charitable, a somewhat dubious character, she made a slight change in the motto, turning it into: *Sola vivit in illa*, at the same time suppressing the tomb. "She was by no manner of means" Brantôme tells us, "one of those hypocritical, whining widows who bury themselves alive when their husbands cross the Stygian ferry; she was not that kind of woman." So that if she wore mourning for the Seneschal all the rest of her days, it was probably because black and white, by the common consent of her contemporaries, formed a better setting for her peculiar style of beauty than any colors possibly could.

But this improved device of hers has a certain interest for the collector, as it is found on the covers of several of the books she had bound a quarter of a century after her husband's death. Two of them, especially, which have it not only on the covers but on several of the plates, rank among the noblest specimens of the arts of the binder and illuminator: the *Divi Basili Oratio* in Greek, and the *Salvianus* in Latin. The mosaics and interlacings of the former stand out from the brown calf with fine effect; they represent bows and quivers mingled with arabesques of the most fanciful and elegant design. In one of the compartments, the arms of the Duchesse de Valentinois (the title conferred on Diane by Henry) are

emblazoned in maroon and blue, and are surmounted by the ducal crown; in another, are the arrow and laurels with the motto running round a banderole, the whole painted in blue. It is noticeable that the crescents, which recur so frequently on the covers and engravings of the other books belonging to Diane, are absent from this. The volume, which is in as perfect a state of preservation as when it issued from the binder's workshop, is now in the library of the city of Rheims.

J. W. CLARKSON.

(To be continued.)



A fine example of ornamental bookbinding, an art too much neglected even at this day, is given on our cover. It was one of a fine display made by Lortic, of Paris, which attracted much attention at a recent exhibition of this artist's works. The design is a conventional flower and leaf pattern twined about a frame-work which is a geometric development of the parts forming the medallion in the centre. The whole is most gracefully treated, and is an admirable contrast to those foolish conceits that aim to attract to the contents of the book without any regard to artistic fitness in design. Doubtless it is well, when possible, to give some suggestion of what is in a book by the design upon the cover, but the desire to do this, and further to attract to the contents by making the outside attractive, has introduced some most meretricious notions into a certain class of bookbinding establishments. It is bad enough to see a bible with a looking-glass bound into one of its sides, but this is not as bad, in an artistic and workmanlike sense, as to see a tiny volume for the pocket hinged and bossed like the portly mediæval tomes whose weight and rich carving required these protections.

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